

ERNEST PSICHARI

ERNEST PSICHARI, grandson by his mother of the famous sceptic Renan, was born in Paris in 1883. A brilliant student at the *Lycée Henri IV.*, he subsequently entered the Army for his term of compulsory service, and at its close decided, to the surprise of his friends, to make soldiering his profession. In the Congo expedition of 1908, he won the Military Medal, and the same year published a book, *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil*, which was "crowned" by the French Academy. In 1909, the young Lieutenant was placed at the head of an expeditionary column in Mauretania, and spent three years among the sands and hills and rocks of Africa. "The desert proved a blessed land" to him; for it was there, in the wide spaces and deep silences, that he found his way to the faith of his fathers, the faith that had sustained his ancestors in the long past of France. In February, 1913, he formally entered the Church, remaining for the time being in the Army, but, it is said, with the desire of one day becoming a priest. The spring before the War he visited the Seminary of Issy, which he hoped one day to enter, and where his grandfather had lived as a student before he had so much as dreamed of denying his faith.

While in the desert Psichari wrote two books. *L'Appel des Armes* appeared in 1913, and was a great and immediate success. *Le Voyage du Centurion* he completed in garrison at Cherbourg during the months preceding the War. Published this year, with a Preface by Paul Bourget, it is now in its eighth edition. Already its author has been dead some two years. He went to the Front with his regiment, the 2nd Colonial Artillery, on the 7th August, 1914, and fell on the 22nd at Rossignol, during the retreat from Charleroi, his rosary on his arm, and defending his guns to the last minute. He was then thirty years old.

L'Appel des Armes is, briefly, an *apologia* for the soldier's life; or, more than an *apologia*, it may even be said to be a glorification. It is instinct with militarism, but militarism understood not in the Prussian but in a semi-Christian sense. If patriotism is a virtue and it is good to defend one's country, then surely, says Psichari, it is good to be a soldier. More-

over, he goes on to point out that every great profession, if it is to thrive, must have its body of experts, its advanced guard, its thorough-going idealists. And just as the Trappist monk and the devoted nun are necessary to the ordinary Christian, and sustain his ideal, so the professional soldier is necessary to the citizen soldier, and sustains his ideal—the true military ideal, be it remarked, which is not that of a *national* militarism, but of a *military* militarism—a very different thing, and one presumably compatible with the teaching of Him who spoke in words of warm admiration of the Roman Centurion, and certainly never enjoined him to quit his service. The virtues conspicuous in the true soldier,—devotion to duty, obedience, simplicity, self-sacrifice,—are the very virtues that are the basis of the Christian life, and in that sense, and because it supplies so splendid a field for their exercise, Psichari held that “war is divine.” We say “held,” because we must remember that *L'Appel des Armes*, with its too unqualified militarism, was written before Psichari's conversion; it is said that he afterwards wished to withdraw the book from circulation, but was recommended by his advisers to leave it, as illustrative of a soul in a state of transition, and of the winding road by which it found its way to the City of God. Like St. Ignatius, this child of the Crusaders saw more than a superficial alliance between the professions of soldier and priest, as both tending in their different spheres to an ideal of absolute self-sacrifice, although even at the height of his pre-Christian military fervour we find him acknowledging: “Both journey in the same direction, but one will always lie below the other, one narrow, the other wide.”

When, in the book before us, the youth Maurice Vincent breaks away from the traditions of his father, the somewhat narrow schoolmaster, and, fired with a great admiration for Captain Nangès, decides to become a soldier, our author contrives to make us feel that he is on the high road to become a Christian. In any case, he turns his back on those merely modern things—“those words fluttering in the air, Rationalism, Science, Laicism, the sickening twaddle of the commercial travellers of human thought.” Incidentally, he leaves his father behind him too, his father with his vain dreams of progress and a federated world—“vain dreams” they seemed, indeed, to the younger generation on whom the menace of the Agadir incident loomed dark!

His father was one of those men on whom the weight of a terrible sentence seems to rest. He and his contemporaries could be great in mind, but not in heart. They felt none of that enthusiasm, that emotion, which made Maurice so humble in face of France. They could not stand before France as a sad little child stands before his poor old grandmother.

Le Voyage du Centurion is a greater, as it is an even more intimate book than *L'Appel des Armes*. It bears on its title page those words of the Centurion in the Gospel so often on the lips of all of us, and at which, as we are told, even the Creator of the worlds "marvelled." In the pages before us, our modern Centurion gives us the history of a double journey—the journey of a Lieutenant at the head of his column, the journey of a soul in search of God. This soldier of the twentieth century quotes Cæsar and Pascal, as he comes and goes under the burning sun through the solitary sandy wastes and arid rocky hills, occupied, as in Roman days, with the question of the *res frumentaria* and the pacification of the little *oppida*. And always, behind the desert scenery, we are conscious of the loneliness and desolation of a human heart and mind deprived of God. Psichari—Maxence, as he calls himself—has everything from the world's point of view: talent, health, youth, the career of his choice, yet he suffers from a ceaseless weariness, a great emptiness. Here, on the ancient soil of Africa, faced by the immensity of sky and dunes, "without a book, a church, a splinter of old stained glass or the faintest whiff of incense," we follow his progress through Nature to Nature's God. In its simplicity, its seriousness, its passionate sincerity, the book is of absorbing interest. Only after we have lain it down do we realize that it is also a thing of beauty, although assuredly the author's thoughts were not occupied with fine writing—he who has left it on record that it made him tremble to write in the presence of the Most Holy Trinity. It may be, as a *Times* critic says, that Psichari is not typical of the youth of France, because "to claim so much for France or for any nation would be extravagant," but in one respect we cannot but feel that he does truly represent his countrymen—in his logic and lucidity. More than ever to-day, it seems to us, it is a French characteristic to push principles fearlessly to their conclusions, and to seek for beliefs and affections an intellectual basis. What is this, stated in plain terms, but love of Truth—a demand that a thing should be real? It

is the best of all foundations in art and in life, and the death-blow to all false and shallow sentimentalism. In this fundamental honesty of thought, we think that Psichari is typical of the best in France. Speaking of the youth of his time, he says:

A Frenchman is constrained to reason and seek everywhere for proofs. . . . It is a wonderful thing in France that you can touch the humblest of young men by Faith, provided you can give him excellent reasons.

This said, we turn to the Centurion's story, telling it, so far as may be in another and a less transparent language, in his own words:

Maxence, brought up by his father, a literary, Voltairian colonel, far from the Church, and placed by the country he has not yet learnt to love at the head of a little expeditionary column, resolves to employ his years of solitude in confronting the great problem of existence. The very contour of Africa typifies Eternity: he will demand from its ancient soil the virtues he so greatly needs—Fortitude, Courage, Purity. Perhaps in the fresh, uncultivated wilderness, far from the ugliness and lies of men, he may be able to discover the eternal lineaments of changeless, tranquil Truth.

For Maxence had a soul. He was born to believe, to love, to hope. He had a soul made in the image of God, capable of discerning Truth from Falsehood, Good from Evil. He could not reconcile himself to the idea that Truth and Purity were but vain words resting on no solid basis.

We have said that he does not as yet love France. But one day in the desert a card comes to him from his distant country, a picture of the weeping Virgin of La Salette. On the back, these words are written:

Maxence, we have prayed for you on the top of the holy mountain. I feel as though she were weeping over you, this beautiful Virgin, as though she wanted you. Won't you listen to her? Your brother and friend, PIERRE-MARIE.

For the first time it seems to Maxence that a breath of tenderness has come to him from far-off Gaul. He in no wise believes in prayer, and yet it seems to him that the friend who prays for him loves him better than the others—is indeed the only one who loves him. And he thinks of Pierre-Marie, with his delicate student face, tranquil eyes, and pure life.

The young soldier feels abject in comparison. And yet he has no chains he cannot easily break, or so he fancies. He has had almost, as it were, to force himself to sin, so little does he really care about it.

In any case, he has left France behind him—the France he knows, that is, which is given over to “the bitter laugh, the vulgar vice, the heavy good sense, the high falsetto tones of argument.” The Moors of the desert are better than that, for they at least have learnt to disdain earthly goods, and to value the things that are really essential. It is after all from the Moors that the Lieutenant learns his first lesson. He envies them their fervent prayers, their ancient mysticism. And yet, when a Moorish friend reminds him that “the ink of scholars is more precious than the blood of martyrs,” he has a movement of revolt. Mean as he feels himself to be, the heir of the Crusaders knows better than that. He cannot possibly make the mistake of preferring the goose-quill of the writer to the palm of the martyr:

He is the representative of a nation that knows full well the value of the blood of martyrs. And well too does he know what it is to die for an idea. He has behind him twenty thousand Crusaders—a whole people who fell with a drawn sword in their hands and a prayer upon their lips. He is the child of that race.

Moreover, he is a soldier. Now, the beauty of a soldier's life is fidelity. Fidelity is the little lamp whose flame is always steady. Why, then, are there so many infidelities in his life? And why has he denied Rome, the rock of all fidelity? Ah no! Maxence would wish to be a man of fidelity, to remain in the system of order. He begins to understand, here in face of Islam, that France cannot give up the Cross; and the Army cannot give up France. Yet what is he to do, since with his intellect he cannot grasp the object of his fidelity? There is only one thing that he can do. And in the little cemetery of Amatil, before the humble graves of French soldiers who fell in 1909, he renews the pact he has already made: he will be a man of duty, loyal and veracious. It is the first step, for “loyalty to France quickly leads to loyalty to Christ, whereas disloyalty only leads to disloyalty.”

This much, then, is clear. Maxence, looking back at the history of his country, looking back more particularly at the Crusades, “that great French adventure which was the ad-

venture of the pilgrimage of the Cross," feels that it is well-nigh impossible to dissociate France from Christianity. And for a Frenchman, be it remembered, Christianity is and always has been the Holy Catholic Church, whose Head on earth is the successor of the Prince of the Apostles.

What, meanwhile, was passing in the depths of heaven, in the dwelling of Him who probes the most secret movements of the soul? While Maxence raised his thoughts, still vacillating, towards the Son whom he had denied, what was passing in the abode of the Father?

Ah! that is a forbidden mystery, and the human mind reels and falters if it tries to penetrate into the place of eternal refreshment where abides the Unique and Substantial Reality. Yet let our poor human thoughts venture for a moment to approach the abyss, and we shall see the Master of innumerable worlds leaning over the little earth He made so beautiful and loves so much, to which He sent His Son. In His ardent desire to give Himself to men, He looks down upon the souls He has created, and waits untiringly for the least tiny spark of good will. It is all He needs—this almost imperceptible movement of an honest heart. For is He not the Father, and who can measure His boundless tenderness, more especially towards those who are upright and poor, lonely and unhappy?

But Maxence does not know this yet. He has still a long distance to traverse. And first he has to pick himself up. For even in the desert come temptations, and for three days he has been "the slave of a slave"—this Maxence who had felt but yesterday that he could break his chains so easily. He is weaker than he imagined, and the battle is harder. Involuntarily, his thoughts turn to his friend Pierre-Marie, and to the Virgin in tears, and he feels a sharp pang of sorrow and of self-reproach such as he has never experienced before. Thus the first impulse towards repentance comes to him from France—for the desert is full of France, and it is in the desert that he has learnt to know and love her. Once more his mind reverts to her wonderful history—twenty centuries of history. She has become for him by now the noblest kingdom in the world, and also the Kingdom of Fidelity; for where is France if not at Reims, at St. Denis, at Chartres? To deny Christianity is in a sense to deny France. And yet our pilgrim (and surely this is to his credit!) is far too honest, too clear-headed to trust his destiny to sentiment. He has

indeed little use at this stage for beautiful poems and soothing music. He is a sick man, who stands in need of the bread of substantial reality: it is peace of intellect he seeks, rather than peace of heart:

He demands in the first place that Jesus Christ should be in very fact the Word of God; that the Church should be with absolute certainty the infallible guardian of the Truth; that Mary should in sober reality be Queen of Heaven. This is his first requirement, before he goes on to consider the marvellous vocation and election of France.

And with intense and almost tragic earnestness he exclaims:

May the nave of Notre-Dame itself be for ever demolished if Mary is not truly Our Lady and our veritable Queen! May this France perish, may these twenty centuries of Christianity be for ever blotted out from history, if Christianity is a lie! May this Christian France be cursed, if she has been founded on error and iniquity! See my heart, Lord, which longs for Your peace, and my mind which will have nothing to do with peace if it is a lie and a delusion. O Heavenly Father, You understand. It is not a shadow which I need, it is not a dream which will console me, in the great earthly battle in which I am engaged. For I am a real man in this real world, and I am a soldier fighting in the true battle of the world, and not a visionary or a dreamer.

Days and weeks and months glide by; and more and more, amid the defection of all visible things, does Maxence turn towards interior things. More and more does he come to feel confusedly that it is in the desert, in the silence of the eternal sands, that the Good Shepherd will appear, stretching out His bleeding Hands to His new sheep. So he searches and waits:

The camp is on a little sand-hill rising from the immense sea of dunes. To the west is the chain of Zoug, as thin and clear as a sepia line on a Chinese painting. That is all. No forms, no colours. Light without colour. One Personage alone counts, and that is the Sky. Immeasurably vast, of a beautiful deep azure substance, it occupies all available space, and seems to be the most certain of all created things. . . .

Woe to those who have never known silence! Silence is a little corner of Heaven that comes floating down to men. It comes from a distance so great that one cannot grasp it, it comes from the great interstellar spaces, from the still latitudes of the

cold moon. It comes from behind Space, from beyond Time—from where worlds have never existed, and from where worlds have ceased to exist. How beautiful is silence!

The wanderer in the desert is far indeed from the miserable arguments of the world, the bitter voices of the doctors of the Temple, the lies of men! No wicked dispute, no cynical laughter can reach him here. Everything around him suggests God, and already he dimly apprehends (invisible, behind the luminous horizon) a vast army of witnesses—Apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins. Saints are praying for him, men and women whom he admires with all his heart, whose purity, humility and sanctity he longs to emulate. But this is not enough, for after all it does not amount to certainty, and nothing less will content Maxence. His soul feels a great need:

It is just this—his voice is alone in the desert. The God he calls upon has not yet come. The principal Voice in the dialogue has not yet spoken. Maxence feels that he shall advance no further unless the Master comes to him and says, "Arise and walk." . . . Soldiers are the same in every age. "O my God!" says this last comer, like the Lieutenant of Capharnaum his senior, "Say the word only, and my soul shall be healed. I am slow and obstinate, but I will not resist Your Truth."

The searcher is nearing the threshold now. He has come to realize as never before how impossible it is that life should consist in the immense bitterness of an uneasy conscience, and that the true road should be that which leads no whither. But one thing he has not yet realized sufficiently—that only the pure in heart can see God. Facing death in a night skirmish, he has indeed wished eagerly that his soul were white and spotless, and felt in that critical hour the urgent need of effacing the ugliness of sin. Now the voice of conscience deep within him whispers: "*Beati immaculati in via.*"

And, by the same interior voice, the Master of Heaven and Earth speaks to him, asking him how he can possibly hope to recognize the words of Truth and Peace while he is living in the midst of sin and lies? And into the Lieutenant's mind come pictures of the town in which he used to dwell, with the Prince of this World grimacing behind the lindens, and Maxence and his friends chattering, ceaselessly chattering—their elegance a sham, their happiness a sham, their intelligence a sham. . . .

"I love (says God) the house that is in order. I love everything to be in its place; and I shall not enter under this roof until everything has been prepared for My coming. A man, said My Son, made a great supper, and invited numerous guests. And at the hour of the supper he sent his servants to tell the guests to come, *because all things were ready*. Does anyone tell the Guest to come before all things are ready?"

Quia parata sunt omnia. . . . Maxence is deeply moved:

"Yours is a hard condition, Lord. Can You not first touch my eyes?"

"Can you not trust Me for a single day?"

"You can do all things, Lord."

"You can do all, O Maxence. . . . I created you free."

How hard it is to take the first step! For this poor wayfarer, as for all poor wayfarers on earth, the Son of God came down from His Throne of Light, but, for all that, Heaven is as yet closed to Maxence. Strange! Jesus Christ has come among us, and yet He has not converted us all. There were men who saw the open tomb of Lazarus, and yet did not believe: there were men who saw God, and did not believe:

"Yes, Lord, Your Beloved Disciple was right: the world had to be divided about You, and the mind free to give itself to You in its entirety. The gift of ourselves must be absolute. Ah! what You demand is difficult, my God. An hour comes when reason revolts, and we are forced to draw back. Your words are too hard. But draw back? No. We cannot. You alone have the words of eternal life. It is because our heart is too small that we have not yet deserved to know You. It is because our gift is not yet unconditional—because we are not ready."

And the sinner promises to wash himself clean and to believe; to be true, so that he may win the Truth. Already he is learning to detest his past, since it separates him from God. And as he reads in the desert the words of the Gospels (so hard because a God is speaking, so gentle because a Man is speaking) he wishes with all his heart that he could read them as a Christian, that he could add to his intellectual knowledge the knowledge of love. For very clearly does he now see what it is he wants—a Master, not a system. He is tired of lofty ideas, the sounding brass of words. All his life they have been offered to him in profusion. For a Master, however, he will change his life. At this very hour his brothers in distant France are entering their churches, crossing themselves, and making their way boldly to where

the flicker of the little lamp tells them that Jesus is present—present not in image nor in symbol, but in flesh and blood. This is the Living God he is ready to adore—no word, no chimera, but a Person. For Maxence, there is no other road by which to go to God but Jesus, no other reason for going. Herein, he perceives, lies the great superiority of Christianity over Islam. The Moor knows God as All-Powerful and Unique; he does not know Him by love. He lives in the world of pure ideas; whereas, to a Christian, God, the All-Just and Holy One, is Father, Friend and Brother all in one, and men without exception are His children, linked together in sweet Catholic friendliness.

The Centurion pauses in his strangely thrilling search, and we pause with him. What is it, we ask, that holds him back, now that he has come so far? What is it, indeed, but the miserable chains that bind him to the world—sin, weakness, everything that is not God! Moreover, he has travelled a long way, and he is very tired, with that excessive lassitude and weariness which in themselves are a temptation:

Night falls, and Maxence knows not what to think. All that he has hitherto thought and felt seems to him a mirage which tempts and frightens him. He is there like a beggar who has prayed and prayed, and who now hopes no more. It is hard not to be able to believe when God has spoken. But he does not believe. He has tired God out. He is a coward, with whom there is nothing more to be done.

Yes, he is like the Arab whose corpse lies near the well yonder, already decomposed. The poor thirsty tribesman had pushed on through the desert, striving to reach this source of water, and he had reached it too late. The desert had conquered. God is indeed compassionate towards those who are abandoned, who are sad. But what shall Maxence say, what shall Frenchmen say to the Judge who has given them the most gracious of all lands, His beloved France? Alas! what leprosy has consumed them? They have been unfaithful and lost everything—everything, that is, except a broken, humbled heart.

And at this point Maxence surrenders, as it seems to him France surrenders, for God is the stronger. The fighter falls on his knees, hides his face in his hands, and, very softly, like a traveller tired after a long day's march, he says:

"My God, I am speaking to You. Listen to me! I will do

everything to win You. Have pity on me, O my God! You know that I was never taught to pray to You. But I say to You now, as Your Son told us to say—I say to You with all the love of my heart, as my fathers said to You in the past:—OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME; THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN. . . ."

The words are so new to him that he stumbles and hesitates. His lips tremble, and the tears come into his eyes—tears of relief and joy and gratitude. But the words he needs roll up to him from out the early ages, and his voice grows stronger and more pressing:

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD; AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESSPASS AGAINST US; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION; BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL. AMEN."

And then and there, or so it seems to us, does Maxence enter upon his lost inheritance, recovering, even while we watch him, something of the high, glad spirit, the noble confidence, that are part of the heritage of the French Catholic. "Why, Lord!" he cries, with that direct simplicity which has endeared him to us, and which, he has himself assured us, is a characteristic of the soldier: "Why, Lord! is it, then, so simple to love You?"

"*Mais quoi! Seigneur, est-ce donc si simple, de Vous aimer?*"

E. M. WALKER.

NOTES ON FAMILIAR PRAYERS

VIII. THE SALVE REGINA.

II.

SINCE the first part of this article was written an interesting reference to the *Salve Regina* has come to my notice which shows how intimately it was associated in the popular mind with the Order of Citeaux. Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald Barri, the Welshman) cherished, as is well known, a bitter grudge against the white monks, and seems to have missed no opportunity of defaming them. In his *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, probably the latest in date of his writings (c. 1220), he tells a long story of the shameful trick which, according to his account, the Cistercians played upon a newly-founded monastery of Premonstratensian Canons. The occasion and date cannot be exactly determined, but the scene of the supposed outrage was probably the abbey of Talley in Carmarthenshire. A shrewd and unscrupulous Cistercian abbot, Giraldus says, persuaded some members of this new foundation to enrol themselves in the Cistercian Order, and then having first made things right with the patron of his own monastery, the abbot proceeded to take forcible possession of the Premonstratensian house and lands. In the words of Giraldus:

The wretched community of canons, with their brethren and servants, having been violently ejected from their house in the night time by an armed band of laymen, and even driven from the neighbourhood, the said abbot, who with reckless audacity had worked such wickedness and sacrilege, straightway with a retinue of monks, for joy of conquest and exultation, as well as in token of this gallantly won investiture, entoned with loud voice and in lively and joyful measure the antiphon *Salve Regina*, beginning a lusty chorus which was kept up unabated to the end.¹

No one who recalls the terms of this supplication to the merciful Mother of God can fail to draw the inference that if

¹ The last part of the passage runs thus: "Necnon et in signum investiturae tam viriliter adeptæ, sonoritate vocali moduloque jocundo pariter ac lætabundo, tantum emiserunt antiphoniam istam *Salve Regina*, vocibus altisonis incipientes et ad finem usque perducentes." Giraldus, *Opera* (Rolls Series), IV. 144.

the *Salve* was employed on such an occasion its use was suggested not by the words but by the joyous melody to which it was sung. This is another striking testimony to the fact, already noticed, that the music had probably even more to do with the popularity of this antiphon than the sentiment embodied in the hymn itself. Moreover, in view of the very restricted and imperfect comprehension of Latin even among clerics in the twelfth century, this conclusion cannot be regarded as altogether surprising.

Turning, however, now to the developments which resulted from the popular favour accorded to the *Salve*, we may note in the first place the position it acquired as *par excellence* the mariner's hymn. This is rather curious. It would have seemed more natural that such an honour should be reserved for the *Ave maris stella*, or at any rate for some composition which made mention of the sea. But I am inclined to conjecture that here again the attraction lay in the tune. The data available are very scanty, and it does not appear that anyone has ever systematically investigated the question of prayers at sea, but there can be no doubt that during the fifteenth century, and probably earlier, the singing or reciting of the *Salve Regina* formed the ordinary evening devotions of those who lived on ship-board. The narrative of Columbus' first voyage, for example, supplies more than one reference to the *Salve*. On Thursday, October 11, 1492, the eve of the day on which the land of the New World was first sighted, the Admiral's journal supplies the following entry:

When they said the *Salve*, which all the sailors are in the habit of saying and singing in their way, and they were all assembled together, the Admiral implored and admonished the men to guard the stern fore-castle well and to keep a good look out for land.¹

Again, in the return voyage under date February 16, 1493, reference is made to "the time of the reciting of the *Salve* which is at the beginning of the night."² These allusions, which take the practice so completely for granted, are the more remarkable because, as is well known, no clergy accompanied Columbus on his first voyage. Furthermore the *Salve* seems to have been the first prayer which on this same expedition was learnt by the natives of the newly discovered

¹ J. B. Thacher's translation in his *Christopher Columbus*, Vol. I. p. 531.

² Thacher, I. 658.

islands, probably because it was one of the few formulas of devotion with which the sailors were familiar. At any rate we read of these peaceable savages "repeating the *Salve* and the *Ave Maria* with their hands raised to heaven and making the sign of the cross."¹ More detail is supplied by the Dominican Felix Fabri in the account he gives of the devotions on board the Venetian galleys proceeding to the Holy Land in 1480:

The third time at which men praise God on board of a galley is at sunset, for then all assemble about the main-mast, which is the place of meeting on a galley, and there they meet and sing *Salve Regina*, prefacing it with litanies when they are in exceeding great straits. After the *Salve* the captain's chamberlain blows a call on his whistle, and straightway, standing aloft on the poop, wishes everyone good night in his master's name and again, as in the morning, shows the picture of the Blessed Virgin, on seeing which all say *Ave Maria* thrice, as is wont to be done on shore later at the sound of the bell.²

Or to take the narrative of an English pilgrim, Sir Richard Guylforde's chaplain has left this account of his experiences in 1506:

The same night there arose a marvellous great tempest, with exceeding rain and with the greatest rage of wind that ever I saw in all my life . . . and great pity it was to see what tribulation and fear the mariners had that night, and also the pilgrims, which rose out of our lodging and drew us together and devoutly and fearfully sang *Salve Regina* and other anthems with versicles and collects appropriate for such effect, and we gave money and vowed a pilgrimage in general to our Blessed Lady De Miraculis at Venice besides many other particular vows that many pilgrims made of their singular devotions.³

It is possible that Erasmus may have had this very description before him when he wrote his colloquy on "the Shipwreck," where he ridicules the *Salve Reginas* which panic-stricken sailors said at such times. He pictures the mast being deliberately sawn down while

the ship's company chanting the *Salve Regina* made supplication to the Virgin Mother, calling her Star of the Sea, Queen of Heaven,

¹ Thacher, I. 556.

² Felix Fabri, *Evagatorium* (Eng. Trans), I. 146.

³ *The Pilgrymage of Sir Richard Guylforde* (Camden Society), Dec. 7th, 1506, p. 65, compare also p. 79.

Mistress of the World, Harbour of Salvation, and cajoling her with many other titles which Holy Writ nowhere applies to her.

A passage which would imply that Erasmus himself was not very intimately acquainted with the wording of the antiphon. It appears that in some cases the *Salve Regina* was included in the ritual used for the blessing of a ship,¹ and de Valois suggests that the special favour it enjoyed with sailors was due to this fact. But the converse is probably the correct explanation. There seems to be no evidence of any early use of the antiphon for this purpose,² and it was no doubt introduced at a later period because, as stated above, it had come by that time to be regarded as preeminently the hymn sung on ship-board.

Of much wider importance than the familiar use of the *Salve* by sea-faring folk was the adoption of the same antiphon to serve as the nucleus of a popular evening service. For the earlier stages of this development we are left largely to conjecture, though we have definite evidence that the process had already begun in the thirteenth century. St. Louis, we are distinctly told by more than one of his biographers, had one of the antiphons of our Lady chanted every night after Compline "very solemnly and with music,"³ sometimes the *Salve Regina*, sometimes one of the others, together with the prayers corresponding thereto. Moreover, the King seems to have required his children and household to assist at this little service, treating it as an exercise intended specially for the laity. Again in November, 1262, Theobald V., Count of Champagne, made over certain rents to the Chapter of St. Stephen at Troyes upon condition that they recited an antiphon of our Lady every day after Compline, and that on every Saturday at the same hour they should sing the *Salve Regina* solemnly in the *nave* of the church, on which day a sum of ten sous was to be divided among the canons and clergy who took part in the service.⁴ So far as we can follow the gradual evolution of the new service, the process seems to have been this. The *Salve*, which in the later middle ages nearly everywhere followed upon Compline, attracted popular attention, partly, no doubt, from its devotional appeal, partly

¹ See Catalani, *Rituale Romanum*, II. 31—32.

² Franz, *Die Kirchlichen Benediktionen im M.A.*, I. 626—630.

³ "Mout sollempnelment et a note," Guillaume de Saint Pathus, *Vie*, Ed. Delaborde, p. 35.

⁴ See de Valois, *En Marge*, p. 91, who quotes Arbois de Jubainville, *Histoire des Ducs de Champagne*, IV. 610; V. 511; VI. 65.

from its musical setting and the ceremonial with which it was surrounded. The people soon began to wish to have a *Salve* of their own, for in monastic and cathedral churches the hours were not always those which suited the leisure of the working classes, and in the ordinary parish churches no music or solemnity was possible, unless specially arranged for. Hence arose the custom, which seems to have prevailed widely through Europe, of providing funds by private benefaction in order to have an antiphon of our Lady sung in the evening before some favourite statue or altar or shrine with such display of lights and such elaboration of music as the means provided might be able to command. Sometimes the service was a daily one, sometimes it was confined to Saturdays, sometimes it could only be held on the vigils of our Lady's feasts or on the festivals themselves. Documents of all kinds, and more especially wills, testify to the wide prevalence of this institution both in England and abroad. Here is a specimen taken almost at random.

In the will, drafted in English, of Nicholas Charleton, of London, Skinner, dated 1439, we find the following bequest. I modernize the spelling:

Also I devise and ordain a c lb. of wax to minister and serve to the use of the Salve of our Lady chapel in the said church of St. Austin's, that is to say two tapers to stand on the altar of our Lady, each of the two tapers of a pound weight, there to be lighted and to burn at Salve time as long as the same c lb. weight of wax will dure, and I will that Thomas Gloucester my brother, that is mine executor, and the wardens of St. Austin's church aforesaid successively being, have the governance of the said wax and light in manner above written.¹

Another very interesting illustration of a similar practice may be found in the formal undertaking entered into by the Prior and Community of the Cathedral Church of Winchester in 1404 engaging that besides three Masses to be said daily by the monks, the charity boys of the Priory shall every night for ever sing in the chantry erected for himself by Bishop William of Wykeham, the antiphon *Salve Regina* or *Ave Regina*, and after it say the psalm *De profundis*, with the prayer *Fidelium* or *Inclina*, for the soul of the father and mother of the Bishop, and for his soul after his decease, as well as for the souls of all the faithful departed; for which

¹ *The Fifty Earliest English Wills* (E.E.T.S.), p. 114.

the Prior is to pay the almoner yearly six shillings and eight-pence for the use of the said boys.¹

Similarly the Statutes of Eton College directed that

On every day of the year at a fitting hour of the evening all the choristers of our royal college, together with the master in chant, shall enter the church at the sound of a bell, which shall be always rung except on Holy Thursday and Good Friday; and these wearing surplices and ranged around a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with the candles lighted, shall sing solemnly and to the very best of their skill an antiphon of the Blessed Virgin, with the verse *Ave Maria &c* and the prayer *Meritis et precibus*.²

The *Salve* is not here particularly mentioned, but we cannot doubt that it was sung at least on Saturdays. It seems, in fact, to have been the common arrangement in many parts of the Continent that where this evening service in honour of our Lady was held daily the Saturday celebration should be carried out with special solemnity, and that the *Salve*, the most popular of all the antiphons, should be reserved for this occasion.³ In Germany, as well as in England and the Netherlands, we have proof of the existence of various "Confraternities of the *Salve Regina*" in which the principal requirement was attendance at the chanting of the *Salve* on Saturday evenings.⁴ Still it must not by any means be supposed that this arrangement was adopted universally. At St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester, to take an English example, John Tucke, B.A., in 1515 was granted a salary (details given) for which he was to teach the junior monks and thirteen boys the science of grammar "and also five or six boys who were apt for it plain and divided or broken song and descant, and with these boys to sing the Blessed Virgin's anthem daily, and on Saturdays the antiphon of the name of Jesus."⁵ From many different sources, wills, charters, school statutes, legal processes, etc., we may learn how widespread was the practice of singing an antiphon of our Lady as a special service in the evening. The *Salve* is not always mentioned, indeed in some cases it would seem that it was not

¹ Lowth, *Life of William of Wykeham*, p. 383.

² Bridgett, *Our Lady's Dowry*, p. 169.

³ Full details are given by de Valois, *En Marge*, pp. 91-94.

⁴ See Beissel, *Verehrung Marias*, I. 546. For the Guild of our Lady "de Salve Regina" at the Church of St. Magnus, London Bridge, see Waterton, *Pietas Mariana*, Part II, p. 87.

⁵ Leach, *Schools of Medieval England*, p. 227.

one of the antiphons regularly used for this purpose,¹ but it was undoubtedly the one which was most generally in favour, and in many such foundations it is stipulated that it should be sung every day.

One English example may be specially noticed here on account of the unusually full knowledge we possess concerning it. At the church of St. Magnus, London Bridge, a *Salve Regina* guild was established in 1344.² One William Double, fishmonger, Henry Boseworth, vintner, Steven Lucas, stock-fishmonger, with other burghers, "of their great devotion and to the honour of God and His glorious Mother our Lady Mary the Virgin, began and caused to be made a chantry, to sing an anthem of our Lady called *Salve Regina* every evening. And thereupon ordained five burning wax lights at the time of the said anthem in the honour and reverence of the five principal joys of our Lady aforesaid, and for exciting the people to devotion at such an hour, the more to merit to their souls."³ An accidental mention of certain abuses in a visitation of the parish of St. Magnus lets us know that here, as in Antwerp, there were certain officials who were called Masters of the *Salve*, and they are reproved for not insisting sufficiently on the attendance at Matins of the priests and clerks who apparently received "a profitable and reasonable salary" from the said Masters. The defaulters apparently *did* attend to sing at our Lady's Mass in the morning and the *Salve* in the evening, which is what they were paid to do, but the author of the report finds fault with them, in that they did not of their own accord attend the ordinary matins and evensong of the parish as well. This is particularly valuable as showing that the *Salve* was a separate service held in a separate place, and not merely the antiphon of our Lady belonging to Compline.⁴

It is quite in accordance with the dispute just mentioned that we find in the *Provinciale* of Lyndwode, the English canonist, a question raised whether, in virtue of a decree of Archbishop Winchelsea ordering chantry-priests to be present at the Office, they were also bound to be present "at the antiphon of the Blessed Virgin Mary which is wont to be sung

¹ See e.g. the "Statutes of the Oxford Halls" (1483-1489). Rashdall, *Universities*, II. p. 768.

² I have ventured here to quote from a previous paper of mine which is printed in the *Report of the Westminster Eucharistic Congress*, 1908, pp. 452-464.

³ Stowe, *Survey of London*, ii. 175.

⁴ Arnold's *Chronicle*, p. 277.

about nightfall." Lyndwode decides that if the antiphon follows so immediately upon Compline as to form part of it, they are so bound; but if, as from his way of speaking was evidently often the case, the antiphon was only sung some considerable time after Compline was over, or if again the antiphon was sung to music while Compline was merely recited, in that case he considered that it was not necessarily part of the chaplain's duty to attend.¹

But of course the main interest of this *Salve Regina* service, already several years ago discussed in these pages,² is the fact that it has undoubtedly given us the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which is so familiar at the present day. I cannot now go into the matter again at any length. The most striking illustration of the process of development is still that of the Antwerp guild appealed to by Father Victor de Buck. This confraternity *de Salve Regina* was founded in the fourteenth century to sing what is still called in Flemish a *lof* (laudes, praises) to our Lady every evening. The *lof* consisted of a *Salve* sung with music and lights exactly as in the case of the London church of St. Magnus. Now in 1566 we find that on certain days they held a *lof* of the Blessed Sacrament instead of the ordinary *lof* of our Lady, while, either at this period or at a later date, leave was granted to expose the Sacred Host during the service. In the eighteenth century the institution was still maintained, and we learn from a contemporary historian that while on weekdays they were content with the ordinary hymns to our Lady, on Saturdays the Blessed Sacrament was exposed to invest the devotion with greater solemnity. The correctness of this theory of the origin of our Benediction service is further established by two other considerations. The commonest French name for Benediction is *salut*, and this undoubtedly was a term applied to the *Salve Regina* service of early days.³ More than one example expressly naming the *Salve Regina* is to be found in French inscriptions of the sixteenth century, as for instance when we read upon a marble slab in the Paroisse de Nanterre, Mont Valérien, near Paris, that certain recluses "touts les jours chanteront le salu *Salve Regina mater misericordie.*"⁴ Similarly in a rescript

¹ Lyndwode, *Provinciale* (Ed. 1679), p. 70. "Sed quid dices de antiphona Beatae Mariae Virginis quae solet cantari prope noctem" ? etc.

² See THE MONTH, Sept. 1901, pp. 269-276, in the last of a series of articles on "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament."

³ See further the quotation from Jean d'Anton, THE MONTH, Sep. 1901, p. 271.

⁴ Guilhermy, *Inscriptions*, III. 198.

of Pope Leo X. in 1513, addressed to the parish church of St. Saturnin at Tours, we may note the phrase "the salutation of the angel, that is to say the *Salve Regina* or some other antiphon, is sung every day with great devotion."¹ It is impossible to doubt that behind this rather confused language we must discern the terms of the petition describing the singing of the *Salve* as a *salut*.² Not less significant is the fact that in the old English foundation of Augustinian Canonesses at Bruges, the *Salve Regina* which is sung, not merely recited, at the end of Vespers, the antiphon from time immemorial has been styled the *Salut*, Anglicised in pronunciation into "Saloo." While Benediction is announced by a notice at the choir door with the words "Salve to-day."

The second link with the past is a practice of devotion which is still maintained at Stonyhurst and most Jesuit colleges, the special Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on every Saturday evening. It seems to be an immemorial tradition which comes down from old St. Omer days. Now it will perhaps be remembered that we were told that in the eighteenth century the Antwerp confraternity, which sang the *Salve* or *lof* every day in the week, accompanied the *Salve* on Saturdays with Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. But further we learn from Mr. H. Rashdall's *Universities of Europe* that while "the singing of the antiphon of the Virgin or *Salve Regina* was the usual form of evening prayer in scholastic communities," still that on Saturdays and the five vigils of our Lady, it was celebrated with special observance. Thus the statutes of the Oxford Halls in 1483 rigorously enjoin that, on Saturdays and these five vigils after the first ringing of the curfew at St. Mary's Church, all must attend the singing of the antiphon of our Lady in hall under penalty of a fine. A definite limit was assigned for late comers. Attendance did not count if they arrived after the singing of a certain word. For example, when the *Regina Cœli* was sung, the fine was incurred if anyone was

¹ "Cum in parochiali ecclesia S. Saturnini Turonensis singulis diebus per presbyterum et clericos eiusdem ecclesie salutatio angelica, videlicet *Salve Regina*, aut alia antiphona, cum magna devotione decantetur." Hergenroether, *Regesta Leonis X*, n. 4172.

² De Valois, *En Marge*, p. 94, quoting Pidoux, notes that as early as 1543 an Exposition of the B. Sacrament used to take place at Besançon on the eve of Corpus Christi, at which were sung both the *O Salutaris* and the *Salve Regina*. There are of course records of thousands of other foundations called *saluts* in which the service is not so directly identified with the *Salve*, but consists of a selection of miscellaneous hymns and prayers not always precisely specified.

not in his place before the beginning of the clause *Resurrexit*.¹ A similar practice with similar penalties prevailed elsewhere. Thus, there can be little doubt that the Saturday Benediction preserves the memory of a devotion which prevailed also at Oxford in pre-Reformation days, though in its transmission through the centuries it has acquired greater solemnity from the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament which now accompanies it.

What is still more curious, the old evening *Salve* has not only given to us Catholics our present Benediction service, but it has bequeathed a legacy to our Anglican brethren in the shape of the anthem familiar at Matins and Evensong in the cathedrals of the Establishment. This idea is not, be it noticed, the invention of any unfriendly Catholic controversialist, but is adopted by authoritative commentators on the Book of Common Prayer. Thus Canon Fowler, of Durham, writes of the pre-Reformation antiphon:

The *Salve Regina*, or more generally the antiphon of our Lady, according to season, was the great musical effort of the choir, sung in pricksong, in many parts, even a dozen or more. It was sung in the richer parish churches, and was very popular. It lent its name to other anthems similarly used, and was the parent of the anthem now sung [by Anglicans] after Matins and Evensong. In a modern monastery the *Salve* sung at the end of Compline commonly impresses the lay mind much more than the Office itself."²

Another authority writes:

The anthem was a normal element of the old Latin services in the greater churches, and at the Reformation directions were early given for substituting English words. Moreover the absence of hymns in the English Prayer Book at this time, together with the disappearance of the antiphons to the psalms and canticles, roused a strong feeling of need for music.³

Mr. Frere speaks in similar terms:

The anthem though not mentioned before (1660) had long been customary: it was common to sing an anthem or antiphon after some of the services in pre-Reformation times, especially to sing one of the anthems of the Blessed Virgin after the Prayer "Lighten our darkness" which ended Compline. It was natural

¹ Rashdall, *Universities*, II. 655 and 768. However, as previously pointed out, the *Salve* itself was not one of the four antiphons sung in the Oxford Halls at this period.

² Fowler, *The Rites of Durham* (Surtees Society, 1903), p. 267.

³ Harford, *Prayer Book Dictionary*, p. 30.

therefore to do the like in the corresponding position in the Prayer Book Service, and it was specially authorized by the Elizabethan Injunction.¹

This need of finding a substitute is a plain tribute to the affection of the people for our Lady's antiphons. And the same inference may be drawn not only from the Reformers' angry denunciations of the *Salve* but even more from the adaptations of it which were made in the same rhythm and which could be sung to the same music. In 1538 there was printed in London a little book, a translation made from the Latin by John Hollybush, in which among other items was included "A Confutacion of the Song called *Salve Regina*, proving by scriptures laid thereto that it is rather idolatry than lawful to be sung of true Christen men." As a specimen of the criticisms made, I can only find room for one brief passage:

If ye look upon these places, ye shall easily see what idolatry is used daily in Christendom before the painted blocks and stocks which I trust shall once be redressed by the power of the word of God, though to some it seem to be impossible, by the reason of the deep rooting of it in some superstitious hearts.

But of more interest than such objurgations as these is the translation which Hollybush offers of a revised Latin *Salve* not long before made in Germany. The author and date of this particular adaptation, which begins *Salve Rex Jesu Christe, Rex misericordiae*,² cannot now be ascertained, and there were others besides, one in particular beginning *Salve Rex aeternæ misericordie*, which also came to be translated into English and which find a place in many of the *Horæ* and Primers printed subsequently to Henry's breach with Rome. Hollybush's version of the *Salve Rex Jesu Christe, Rex misericordiae*, which he affects to style "the True *Salve Regina* grounded upon the Scripture," runs as follows:

Hayle Jesu Christ, Kynge of mercy, oure lyfe, our sweetnesse and oure hope, hayle. Unto the do we call, the wretched chyldren of Eva: unto the do we call and syghe, wepynge and waylyng in thys valley of teares. Turne therfore thy mercyfull eyes to us

¹ Procter-Frere, *Hist. of Bk. of Common Prayer*, 1902, p. 397.

² I should like here to retract the opinion hesitatingly expressed in my Eucharistic Congress paper (p. 458), that the *Salve Rex Jesu Christe Rex Misericordiae* was perhaps the "Jesus Anthem" referred to in certain documents of the fifteenth century.

warde, thou spechman and advocate of oures, and shewe us the visage of thy blessed father in the ever lastynge glory as thou hast promysed us, O gracious, O swete Christe and sonne of the virgine Mary.

Other tributes to the popularity of the *Salve Regina* are to be found in the numerous versified paraphrases and expansions of which mediæval writers made it the subject, or again in the variety of Mary stories (*Marien-legenden*) in which it played a part,¹ or again in such curious exercises of calligraphy as the "Salve Regina rolls" of which Dr. Rock gives an elaborate description.² Upon none of these have I space to dwell, but I cannot conclude this article without a reference to one curious monument of the vogue of the



(1)

¹ Many of these are grouped together in the elaborate *Mariale* of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

² See Rock, *Church of our Fathers* (Ed. Hart and Frere, 1903), III. pp. 255—258. In this edition an illustration is given of the roll.

Salve which at present finds its home in England. This is the "block book," printed at Ratisbon, about 1470, so Schreiber considers, of which the only known specimen was purchased some few years ago for the British Museum. As the book is not perfect, it is difficult to speak quite positively of the exact connection of its parts, but it seems to consist of a small collection of stories about the *Salve Regina*, very summarily indicated in the letter-press and illustrated with the terribly rude engravings common in such block-books. In one of these stories, two pictures of which are here reproduced on a reduced scale, we have three subjects with inscriptions in German rudely cut underneath:

- 1) Here we see our Lady with attendant maidens and the song of the *Salve* which was sung before a youth who was ill, and she told him he ought to learn the *Salve* by heart.



(2)

2) The youth learnt the *Salve* and taught it to the nuns though he himself was ignorant.



(3)

A third picture and inscription follows but I do not reproduce them here. It may be noted that the Bishop, not mentioned in the letter-press, who appears in the first cut is St. Nicholas, recognizable by his three balls.

The other two pictures (3 and 4) illustrate the story of a lady who most earnestly desired to have the words and music of the *Salve*. It was brought her miraculously by a bird. Hereupon we have—

3) The lady teaches priests, monks and laymen in common to sing the *Salve* in Mary's honour.

4) In all troubles and emergencies priests and monks sang the *Salve* to the praise of Mary the holy Virgin.¹

¹ See Schreiber, *Manuel de l'Amateur des Gravures*, IV. pp. 382-383, who gives the German text in full.



(4)

It is hardly surprising that Luther violently denounced the *Salve*. On one occasion he writes:

Now the *Salve Regina* is sung throughout the world and the great bells ring full peals for it. Things have reached such a pass that there is hardly a single church which is not richly endowed to have the *Salve Regina* chanted within its walls.

If Luther set himself to overthrow this condition of affairs, which existed in Germany before the Reformation, it is worthy of note that the Benediction service which has replaced the singing of the *Salve* is still more universally in honour, and that to this day, even in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed, the praises of our Lady are not silent.

HERBERT THURSTON.

OF THE ELEMENT OF TRAGEDY IN CATHOLIC FICTION

AMONG the many lessons so effectively taught by our foremost Catholic novelists of the present century, none, it may safely be said, are of higher value than those which concern the tragic element in human experience. But inasmuch as, in a well-constructed novel, tragic events must needs be set forth, not as isolated facts, but as parts of a scheme skilfully presented in a work of art,—inasmuch as, in other words, every good novel contains the materials of a drama, it will be necessary to the right understanding of the subject in hand to specify and briefly describe certain ideals of tragedy or of the tragic drama which have prevailed in the past. Of these ideals, two, and two only, have found their realization in literature of the very highest class; and they may be called, respectively, the Greek or classical and the Shakespearian.

Alike in the plays of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* and in those of *Shakespeare* the proper subject of tragedy is recognized as being “a tale of exceptional suffering and calamity which befalls a conspicuous or exalted personage; of suffering and calamity, moreover, which arises from other than merely physical causes.” I say “suffering and calamity which befalls a conspicuous or exalted personage,” because it is only in the case of such that the catastrophe is so striking by contrast with previous prosperity, and so far-reaching by reason of its effects on others, as to be held worthy by these writers of dramatic presentment. And again, it must needs be a calamity arising from other than merely physical causes; for a death by accident or disease would, in their view of life, obviously lack the strong human interest which is aroused by the interplay of the motives and actions of men issuing in some conspicuous disaster.

But while Greek tragedy and Shakespearian tragedy have these points in common, in another respect they are in marked contrast. In Greek tragedy that which leads to the ultimate disaster is an imagined force or influence external to the personages of the play, an imagined force or influence to which the ancients gave the name of *Fate*, or *Nemesis*. It

was, so to say, *fated* that men should not enjoy too much prosperity, or again it was *fated* that some crime of a guilty ancestor should recoil even on his innocent descendants. But in the Shakespearian tragedy the calamity is invariably the result of a flaw or weakness in an otherwise noble or strong character. Now whether, assuming the substantial truth of these statements, the Shakespearian ideal of tragedy should be regarded as of a higher order than the Greek or classical, it is plain at any rate that the two types or ideals are distinct one from the other. It is moreover to be observed that Shakespeare, as a dramatist, was (to put it mildly) no professed or consistent Catholic; and the interest of his tragedies is frankly secular. Not that—even within the domain of secular interest—he is a mere pessimist. The downfall and death of his hero is not, so to say, the last word of his story. Calamity is regarded as, like a thunderstorm, clearing the air, and opening the way to a new order of things or to a fresh chapter of history in which the lesson taught by the tragic calamity may be applied and laid to heart. "The spirit of Cæsar" is still dominant after Cæsar's death, and the death of Romeo and Juliet seals the bond of reconciliation between the Montagues and the Capulets. And yet it may be said with confidence that, although Æschylus and Sophocles are unsurpassed in their own domain, and although no poet has approached Shakespeare in the realization of his own ideal of tragedy, neither the Greek type of the tragic drama nor the Shakespearian is the highest that can be imagined or conceived.

That this is so may be inferred from a single phrase of which we all recognize the aptness, though we do not commonly advert to all that it implies. Men speak of "the tragedy of Calvary"; and no one, it may be supposed, would regard the expression as inappropriate. Yet it is plain that the story of the Passion of our Lord, or of His life as culminating in His Passion and Death, cannot for a moment be regarded as affording material for a tragedy either of the Greek or of the Shakespearian type.

In this sacred story we find indeed those elements which are common to both types, viz., a calamity which, as the result of human actions, befalls an exalted Personage; but we do not find either of these other elements which are respectively characteristic of the Greek and of the Shakespearian tragic drama. For the death of our Lord can cer-

tainly not be regarded as the result of the mysterious operations of a blind Fate; nor again as arising from some flaw or weakness in the human character of the Divine Protagonist. It is, humanly speaking, the result of the bringing into contact of the supremely perfect God-Man with sinful mankind; a result, however, set forth as subject always to that overruling Providence of God which was so imperfectly adumbrated in the Greek conception of Fate. And inasmuch as we have our Lord's own assurance that "the disciple is not greater than his Master," and that, as the world had treated Him, so that world would treat them who in their degree were to perpetuate His teaching and His example, it follows that history must contain the materials for innumerable tragic dramas not of the Greek or Shakespearian pattern, but of that higher order of which "the tragedy of Calvary" is the all-surpassing prototype.

To say this is not, of course, to affirm that this view of tragedy has been—from a merely literary point of view—adequately worked. There is no inconsistency in affirming that, for instance, the life-stories of St. Thomas of Canterbury or of More and Fisher afford materials for a finer tragedy than the story of Hamlet the Dane, and in admitting, nevertheless, that no Christian poet has arisen who has applied to these better materials a genius comparable to that of Shakespeare. It is as though one should say that no modern artist, with unlimited gold at his disposal, has rivalled in that more precious metal the work of some medieval artist in bronze; a statement which would by no means imply a belief in the superiority of bronze as such.

But now, the point at which I am aiming is this, that the Catholic dramatist or the Catholic writer of fiction has at his disposal a view or aspect of suffering and of what is commonly called misfortune, disaster, calamity, altogether higher and nobler than any which presented itself to the mind of Æschylus or Sophocles or even of Shakespeare himself. And I would further insist on the truth that this aspect of suffering and the rest has in fact been made prominent in the writings of our best modern Catholic writers of fiction, with the result that, in this particular at least, their works attain a far higher level of intrinsic value or worth than those—speaking generally—of their non-Catholic fellow-novelists. And in saying this I would waive—not altogether but almost entirely—the question of relative excel-

lence as measured by a merely literary standard. For instance, I do not pretend to compare (as judged by such a standard) the works of Mgr. Benson or John Ayscough or Mrs. Wilfrid Ward with those of Scott or Thackeray or Dickens, of George Eliot or Thomas Hardy, or of any other distinguished non-Catholic writer of fiction who might be named. Such a comparison would be beside my present purpose. But I do say that while (apart from comparisons) the novels of Mgr. Benson and John Ayscough and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, even when regarded merely as literature, admittedly hold a position in the front rank among works of fiction, they also contain certain other qualities, of the highest ethical and religious value, which are lacking in those of Scott and Thackeray and Dickens and the rest. And among these special qualities none, as has been said, is of higher value, than that which is exemplified in their treatment of what I have called "the element of tragedy in fiction," or, to use plainer words, in their method of dealing with what are commonly called misfortunes, calamities, disasters, with disappointment and disillusion, with sorrow, suffering, and death. For these things are, as a matter of course, regarded by our Catholic novelists not merely as a nemesis or punishment, and indeed, often enough, not as a personal punishment at all. On the contrary, with the possible exception of deliberate suicide or the death of the obstinately impenitent sinner (and I speak of these as "possible" exceptions because in individual cases the element of hope can never be entirely excluded), suffering and calamity, even when it comes as a direct punishment of sin, is invariably exhibited as the outcome of the operations not of a blind fate, but of a watchful and loving Providence. And they are exhibited, again, not merely as clearing the air and opening the way to a fresh era or period of earthly peace and prosperity, but professedly and more or less explicitly as serving a spiritual or supernatural purpose. And this in various ways. Sometimes their manifest design is to afford the needed opportunity for the purification or elevation of an individual character. Sometimes a calamity takes on the character of a vicarious sacrifice, the price (in union, of course, with the death of Christ Himself) of another's salvation; as Stephen's death was the price of Paul's conversion. And yet again, sometimes, the tragic occurrence is the direct outcome or the immediate occasion of an act of sublime heroism, or of a sublimely heroic course of

conduct, which is seen to be precious in the sight of God and of right-thinking men, quite irrespectively of any consequences directly traceable thereto.

It is the courage inspired by their convictions concerning the true functions of sorrow and of suffering that gives to these heralds of our faith (for such, indeed, our Catholic novelists are) that peculiar force and strength which outsiders may either acknowledge or endeavour to minimise, but which at least they cannot ignore. Incidentally, too, the true Christian idea as to the merciful purpose of so-called calamities enables the Catholic writer to break loose from that twofold convention by which the Greek tragedians and Shakespeare agreed in excluding from the domain of tragedy the misfortunes of ordinary plain folk, and the suffering produced by merely material causes, sickness, for instance, or what we call accident. For material no less than moral causes fall under the control of Divine Providence; and as for the postulate that the hero of a tragedy should be a person of conspicuous or exalted station, the Catholic writer knows well that, in the sight of God, "many first shall be last, and the last first," that true heroism may often be found in a hovel, and the wonders of God's grace in a garret. And yet another point of interest may be noted. In conventional tragedy the hero is of course the central figure in the story. But in the distinctively Catholic novel this is by no means invariably the case. The true heroine in *One Poor Scruple* is not Madge Riversdale, the brilliant central figure, but Mary Riversdale who, under God, saved Madge from herself. In *Great Possessions* the central figure is Molly Dexter, but the real hero is Mark Molyneux. And in *An Average Man* the real hero is not the highly ornamental Percy Brandreth Smith, but the shabby and altogether obscure Mr. Main, whose sole claim to distinction lies in his unswerving fidelity to conscience amid the most sordid circumstances of disappointment and discouragement. The foregoing statements must now be illustrated by a few selected examples.

Take, first, a simple case in which misfortune, or a threatened misfortune, comes as the direct punishment of a fault. In John Ayscough's *Mezzogiorno*, the heroine becomes involved in terrible difficulties and perplexities as the result of having concealed from her husband the fact of a former marriage with a man whom she had believed to be long since dead. In omitting to disclose this item in her past history,

"she sowed," says the author, "a bad seed, and she deserved a bad harvest. If her punishment came in part here [*i.e.* in this present life], that I do not take to be an example of inexorable Fate, but an intimation of Divine Mercy. Otherwise the wound she inflicted on her own character [by her blameworthy silence] would have gone unheeded into a greater world than this."

The passage, short and simple as it is, may serve to illustrate the close connection between what, in a former article I have said about character as the theme of the Catholic novelist as such. It is immeasurably more important—in view of eternal issues—that character should be tested, tried, and strengthened through the experience of suffering, than that—to our everlasting detriment—our hidden sins should go scot free.

In Mgr. Benson's *Initiation*, *Loneliness*, and *A Winnowing*, and in John Ayscough's *Hurdcott*, not to mention other instances, disappointment, disillusion, and acute suffering, bodily or mental or both, serve the purpose of a gradual purging of the soul, that it may at last rise to the fulness of its spiritual capacity, and be rendered ripe, either for death, as in the case of Nevill Fanning, Consuelo Dauntsey, and Hurdcott, or for a more perfect life, whether in the world or in the cloister, as in those of Anna Fanning, Marion Tenterden, and Mary Weston.

It is to be observed, however, that calamities, of whatever sort, serve this purpose only when the response of the will is of the right kind; and that it may be of the right kind, Divine Providence oftentimes throws in the way of the sufferer one whose wise words suggest, and in a sense render possible, the disposition of mind and heart that is alone suitable to the occasion. Such is the part played by Mr. Murdoch in *Initiation*, by the Superior of the Convent in *A Winnowing*, by Mr. Rolls in *The Sentimentalists*, by Christopher Dell in *The Conventionalists*. The chance meetings or apparently fortuitous association which, in a purely secular novel, go to the construction of the "plot," are, to the distinctively Catholic novelist, a part of the scheme of Divine Providence for the testing or the strengthening of character.

Consider, next, a single example of the case, by no means rare in the domain of Catholic fiction, in which the death or misfortune of one person assumes the character of a vicarious

sacrifice, insomuch as it is manifestly the occasion of another's salvation. In Mgr. Benson's *Loneliness*, Marion Tenterden, the once brilliant opera-singer, who has lost her voice, and with it her crowd of admirers and most of her income, had in the days of her prosperity, become engaged to a Protestant, the son of a wealthy peer. Unwilling to exact from her lover the promises which are the necessary conditions for obtaining a dispensation, she is on the brink of attempting an unhallowed and invalid marriage, a union which could not but have proved in the fullest sense disastrous—disastrous in the social as well as in the spiritual order—to both the parties concerned. She had moreover all but fallen out with her life-long friend, Maggie Brent, over this sad business, when—quite suddenly and by no human act, but as the result of what would be called a mere accident—her friend is killed in a motor smash; and Marion presently learns that, by a will made some years previously, Miss Brent has bequeathed to her the whole of her little property, and this, among other reasons, for the express purpose of securing that it shall not pass into Protestant hands. It is, of course, this death, taken in conjunction with the terms of the legacy, that proves the occasion—as it was under God's Providence the price—of Marion's conversion to a better mind, of the breaking-off of the intended match, and of that complete self-surrender to Divine grace which is implied in the exclamation, "Jesus, my Knight; I am ready now!" with which the book abruptly ends.

But Catholic novelists can soar even higher than this. Not to speak, here, of John Ayscough's *Hurdcott* or *San Celestino*, Mgr. Benson's *None Other Gods* provides the most striking illustration known to me of the courageous setting forth of disaster and failure—of which the risk, for God's sake, had been quite deliberately faced—as having a transcendent value of its own, quite independently of any such visible consequence as was that of the conversion of Marion Tenterden.

The story, in briefest outline, is as follows:—Frank Guiseley, the younger son of Lord Talgarth, an undergraduate at Cambridge, and by temperament an exceedingly sprightly youth addicted to playing practical jokes on highly respectable dons, surprises his friends, and annoys his father beyond measure, by becoming a Catholic. The old gentleman writes him an exceedingly stiff letter. "Since you have deliberately chosen, in spite of all that I have said, to go your own way

and become a Papist, I will have no more to do with you; From this moment, you cease to be my son. You shall not, while I live, darken my doors again, or sleep under my roof." And more to the same effect; which Frank chooses to take quite literally, and resolves, instead of attempting to mollify his irate parent, to set out at once, and to start life afresh as a poor man looking for work. In the execution of this resolve it may be surmised that a somewhat freakish temperament had the upper hand. But the process of genuine character-formation, under the guiding hand of Providence, very soon begins. Within a couple of days he finds himself thrown into the company of a pair of distinctly disreputable tramps, a broken-down Major who has left the Army in disgrace, and a certain Gertie who passes as his wife, which, of course, she is not. Now it gradually dawns on Frank Guiseley that "his job" is to rescue this girl from the clutches of the scoundrel who has lured her away from her decent home at Chiswick, and it soon becomes plain to him that the carrying out of this purpose will entail sacrifices and dangers of which he had had no thought at all when he had somewhat impulsively taken to the road. Step by step he rises to higher levels of self-devotion in the prosecution of his self-imposed or rather his accepted task. He succeeds at last, so far at least as actually to restore the very unappreciative and—humanly speaking—good-for-nothing girl to her mother. Having done so he returns to his wretched lodging only to be murderously assaulted by the infuriated Major, and to die just as the newsboys are crying the news of the death of his father and elder brother, and of his own succession to the Earldom of Talgarth.

Now here are the reflections of a certain Mr. Parham-Carter, an Anglican clergyman who appears on the scene too late to save him from the Major's attack, but in time to watch by his death-bed while the priest is being sent for:

He [*i.e.* Parham-Carter] was worn out with excitement and a kind of terror. . . . He had passed through a dozen moods: furious anger at the senseless crime, at the hopeless miserable waste of a life, an overwhelming compassion and a wholly unreasonable self-reproach for not having foreseen danger more clearly the night before. There were other thoughts that had come to him too—doubts as to whether the internal significance of all these things were in the least analogous to the external happenings; whether, perhaps, after all, the whole affair were not

on the inner side a complete and perfect event—in fact, a startling success of a nature which he could not understand. Certainly, exteriorly, a more lamentable failure and waste could not be conceived; there had been sacrificed such an array of advantages—birth, money, education, gifts, position—and for such an exceedingly small and doubtful good, that no additional data, it would appear, could possibly explain the situation. Yet was it possible that such data did exist somewhere, and that another golden and perfect deed had been done,—that there was no waste, no failure, after all? To this question the answer, implied though not expressed, is, of course, emphatically "Yes."

Whether the death of Frank Guiseley led to the subsequent conversion of Parham-Carter, or of Frank's cousin, Dick Guiseley, to the Catholic faith, we are not told. If so, one might see here another illustration of the principle of vicarious sacrifice. But plainly, in the author's intention, the introduction of the young Anglican clergyman is merely incidental to the main story. His part is that of the chorus in a Greek play, whose function is to utter reflections on the action as it proceeds. But the action itself was complete without him. He is brought in chiefly at least for the purpose of reminding us (lest we should overlook the truth) "that, in spite of all outward appearances, another golden and perfect deed had been done,—that there was no waste, no failure, after all."

I have been told, by one who surprised me in the telling, that the effect of *None Other Gods*, on his mind at least, was depressing; and, if that were a common experience, then, still more depressing should seem the outwardly sordid failure of poor inefficient Mr. Main, with which Mgr. Benson had the courage to finish *An Average Man*, leaving the tragic discord unrelieved by the reflections of any casual witness like Parham-Carter. To me it would seem, rather, that the undaunted facing of misfortune which is so prominent among the lessons taught us by our Catholic novelists, is entirely of a piece with that "joyousness of faith" on which, on an occasion referred to in a former article, Mr. Godwin Bulger so deservedly enlarged as characteristic of the novels of Henry Harland. And it may be useful to remember that alike in *The Cardinal's Snuff-box* and in *My Friend Prospero*, Harland's best novels, it is through the grievous sickness of an entirely innocent person that happiness is brought, along with much salutary teaching, to the chief personages of the story.

HERBERT LUCAS.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE

III. BIOGRAPHICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL POETS.

THERE might not at first sight seem much in common between a potato-salesman and a Major-General. Yet poetry, like necessity, makes folk acquainted with strange bedfellows; and next to the *Poems* of Mr. Joseph Gwyer, who followed the former occupation, stands on my shelf *Heroes in Rhyme* (1900), by a soldier who occupied the latter position—Major-General Osborn Williams, C.B. This, as its title suggests, is mainly biographical—*arma virumque cano* might well be placed on its title-page, although the object of the author is, by the sale of the book, "to add a pebble to the erection of a new Mission house." The first section is devoted to "The V.C. and other British and Classic Heroes, Reflections on V.C., and Career of Kruger"; among the British heroes, besides well-known and less known names, are "Landlords (Civil and Ex-Military)." The "miscellaneous" poems are largely autobiographical: "The Story of the Sudden Meeting between an Old Soldier [the M.-G.] and an Old Comrade (his Preserver) after Forty-one Years' Separation" tells how the M.-G. was rescued from an attack by a "ruthless Pandy, Who thought he had me safe and handy":

I cannot wonder "Bashi" thought	Unless excited, then of course
I failed to do the thing I ought :	He might a hasty word let fly
Just then he must have held me	In Satan's name ; and ask me why
cheap,	When my false pistol made that
For "Bashis" do not often steep	mull
Their lips in language somewhat	I dashed it not at Pandy's skull.
coarse,	

To this passage is added a footnote—footnotes add to the attractiveness of the book—"He asked me why the Devil I did not hurl the pistol at Pandy's head." This shows a commendable regard for posterity, for everyone knows how frequently the utterances of great men upon crucial occasions are misrepresented. It is certain, for example, that Galileo did not say "E pur se muove,"—indeed it was always difficult to believe that he did so, under the circumstances; and I am assured that the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo cried—not "Up Guards and at 'em!" but something

quite different: while as I write I read in the daily paper that an airman who was supposed to have remarked he was going to his death "really said that he would 'have a chucker round.' " Forty-one years had naturally brought their changes: the Major-General tells us—

I was in youth drawn very fine,
And "Bashi" showed the same slim
line;
To be stomachic now inclined,
If strictly "profiles" be defined!
He rather bald, I very white,
Some cranks in body, mind all right:
I cannot vouch for his condition,
But this I think, hostile collision
With him would prove an awkward
test,
Most foes would come off second best.

The concluding section of this volume is called "Odds and Ends," and is remarkable not only for the variety of subjects it contains, but for the length of the descriptive titles, which form a distinctive feature of the collection: here are a few:

To Miss Bartlett, matron of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, asking her to give a Christmas Box to our gardener 'Manning,' who had just made a new stand for the piano, and a wardrobe for the girls.

To Mrs. ——, in acknowledgment of the present of a chest-preserved, which she worked with her own hands.

To Miss R——, describing the pleasant tea-party given us by her sailor nephew at Greenwich, and the timely aid afforded by Miss A—— in the matter of the cab fare—Aug. 4, 1893—on our return home.

Wm. Ellis, a common labourer—but a noble man—accidentally shot and severely wounded by Keeper when out shooting with me.

To Mrs. D——, acknowledging the receipt by hands of her Eton boy of a cup and saucer, plate, box of matches, sweets, snake, and funny book of Jerome—all taken from a Christmas tree.

To Miss ——, explaining to her that she could vote for both Miss Greenwood and Miss Lindsay, candidates for the Royal School at Bath, and suggesting that the sisters should double their subscriptions.

But if the titles are long, the poems are often very short—the proportion reminds one of Dickens's Dog of Montargis, whose great scene "took a second in its representation and five lines in the bill"—for example:

To Miss ——, returning the play of 'Beauty and the Beast,' in which she had been personating the former character:

Sadly should I shirk my duty
And perhaps be thought a beast,
If I should fail to send you, 'Beauty,'
Thanks a thousand times at least.

The Rev. Professor George Butler Bradshaw,—“Author of ‘*Tears and Rainbows, or Heavenly Sunbeams on Earthly Sorrows*’: Original Miscellaneous Poems, Moral, Religious, Pastoral, Patriotic, and Lyrical: but thoroughly Non-Sectarian, and in Politics Non-Partisan”—also, as the foregoing shows, lets himself go on titles. I regret that this work is not in my collection; but I am happy in possessing his *Poetical Portraits of the Good, the Gifted, the Brave and the Beautiful, with Other Poems* (1882) in the “private edition” issued to subscribers in all the glory of red cloth and gilt edges. The volume contains ninety poems, which, Professor Bradshaw tells us,

might have been very easily classified under such heads as Patriotic, Loyal, Elegiac, Lyrical, Amatory, Descriptive, Moral and Religious: but no general attempt has been made at any such systematic arrangement or grouping of the subjects, except in the poems relating to the Royal Family; and not invariably even in these.

Besides a preface of unusual eloquence, and footnotes scattered through the volume, there is an “Appendix containing Explanatory Notes,” in which the author’s opinions on every conceivable subject are set forth at much length:

one of the longest of the Notes having special reference to the great advantages of the Scientific Education of Ladies, and to the high distinctions which have been won by many of them, as Students in various branches of Science.

Dr. Bradshaw is nothing if not loyal: “Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, [Victoria] are the subjects, *directly*, of Eight of the Poems, and *indirectly* of several others,” and these

would naturally take most honourable precedence of all others, in the pages of any loyal book; but there is a peculiar propriety in such prominent precedence, during these degenerate and dangerous days of infidel, atheistic, and communistic aspirations in many quarters; and of rampant and vaunted outrage and disaffection in others.

Such devotion was duly recognized by those by whom the poems were “mostly graciously accepted and acknowledged”:

but *in no other way* has the author ever sought for, or received, *any reward* for his loyalty in publishing them; nor does he look for any now.

A couple of extracts—all, alas! that space will allow—must conclude the selection from this delightful book: they will illustrate incidentally Dr. Bradshaw's unique use of typographical resources, which gives to his pages a pleasingly varied appearance. Here is a verse from "An Epithalamium at the Marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Alice with his Royal Highness Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, K.G.":

O ! may the bright example fire	Fond-wedded life, and everywhere
Your hearts, that Heaven before	Be quite as free from malice :
you	But, far more numerous be the years,
Has set, in your immortal Sire	Ere Britain pours her bitter tears
And his own good VICTORIA !	O'er LOUIS, or o'er ALICE !
And may your life resemble their	

The death of the Princess produced "an Epicedium" in which her apotheosis is duly celebrated:

*There round the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS—with him
 Thy sainted Father—thou revolvest, shining
 As one of Heaven's own primaries ; combining
 Like him, such traits as ev'n the Seraphim
 Must love to look on : traits which lent to dim
 And gloomy clouds of Earth's sad skies, "a lining
 Of silvery" splendour, and of joyous light.
 There, too, thy babes, for whom thy heart was pining
 Around their Saviour—beauteous Stars and bright
 Revolve with thee, blest ALICE !*

Passing from Biography to Geography—a subject which, in its topographical aspect, is largely represented in my collection—I place first a little work for which I am indebted to the Poet Laureate, who, knowing of my collection, thought it worthy of a place therein. The first part of *The Poetical Geography* is limited to England and Wales: it is written by Mr. W. Gresley, "author of the 'Children's Gospel' and other works," and bears its recommendation on its cover:

It is easy to learn,
 It is pleasant to read.
 It has plenty of facts,
 And advice children need.

The "advice," though doubtless well-intentioned, might I think lead to difficulties if taken seriously: for example—

If father's at the public-house,
 Spending all he's earn't
 Go to him, hand in hand at once
 And tell him what you've learnt.

Go to him with the little tears,
 All streaming down your face,
 And say "O father ! teacher says
 You are a great disgrace !"

Such plain-speaking might, one fears, result in more "little tears" from the children and bring trouble on their teacher: it was, it will be remembered, "advice" of this kind which produced from its recipient the letter: "My little boy tells me that you say if I drink I shall destroy the coats of my stomach: please be so good as to mind your own affairs." As for the "facts," they are certainly plentiful enough: thus of Cornwall, we are told that

The towns are Launceston, which ranks first.	The busy town of Falmouth next, Where ships for pilots go,
Then Bodmin, with its jail, Liskeard, St. Austell, and Penzance, And Stratton, Bude, and Hayle.	Then Padstow, Truro, and St. Ives, Which are enough to know.

Although Mr. Gresley gives the Cornish folk a good character, the prospects of the county were not cheering at the time he wrote: let us hope they have improved:

A sober, quiet lot of folks The people seem to be, And what a lot of Wesleyans In ev'ry town we see.	The county is not what it was, For trade is very bad, If people now make two ends meet They say they're very glad.
---	---

The county finds a more enthusiastic admirer in Mr. P. J. Kislingbury, who has given us in *Cornwall, the English Riviera* (1911)—a title apparently borrowed from G.W.R. posters—"a short topographical itinerary, promiscuously written as thoughts came naturally—like the beautiful county—up hill, down dale." A certain obscurity marks the preface, of which the following is a sentence:

How lovely! walking as it were in Eden bowers, now in the twentieth century cast; while life to some is where the brambles tear, and o'er the murky way they wander wide, seeking for fairer skies and air:

and the same quality is not absent from the opening poem—"A Perspective View":

Land of the dreamy sea and cloud
Who watch the daisy's eye,
While looking up with trustful love
To the bright December sky.

Land where the botanist doth roam
In summer suit bedight,
To search in winter for rare ferns,
But stands filled with delight.

The apparent discrepancy between the botanist's suit and the season chosen for his search is, I think, a subtle compliment to the mildness of the climate, but I am unable to explain how he "roams" while remaining stationary. But all this is merely preliminary: the body of the book contains 51

pages of 26 lines each, every one of which begins with the word "Land." Here is a sample:

Land where bright warmth with a cool air commingle,
 Land where this elixir of glowing life comes :
 Land where God's blessings doth never come single,
 Land where one gets bread in big loaves, not in crumbs.

The neighbouring county finds its laureate in Mr. Alexander Teetgen, who, in 1870, dedicated "by permission, to Alfred Tennyson, with profound homage," his *Fruit from Devon* " (lyrical vignettes of the north coast) and other poems, with an appendix and résumé"—the last two features are, I think, peculiar to this work; it also has a delightful preface, mainly devoted to the criticism of "An able (if acid) fashionable Organ" which "considerately recommended me to a process more vigorous than savoury, with respect to a certain style of phraseology in a former book":

I have declined to submit myself, unreservedly, to the process recommended from my Able Critic's pharmacopœia, and void all my peculiar words; for, *le style c'est l'homme*; my words are me; that is, coupled with my thought, to which indeed they are subservient, and of which they form the flesh. He will find plenty of individualisms still; yet, timely recollection, *fas est ab hoste doceri*, I have endeavoured to improve by his advice; modify my style, and regulate my idiosyncracies.

Mr. Teetgen has certainly not abandoned his individualisms; in fact, this is the most individual book in my collection. No other contains "Essais Français," which, the author tells us, somewhat unnecessarily, "sont tout en amateur: je préfère les présenter avec toutes leurs fautes, à corrigés par professeur." They are addressed to a lady whose portrait he bought in Paris, "mais que je n'ai jamais vue; (seulement révée)": here is the first verse:

Ah ! douce Charlotte, comme tu sois belle !
 Moins,—Ange !—de terre, que de ciel ;
 Ah ! belle Charlotte comme tu sois douce !
 Tendre, comme velours, la pêche, la mousse !

A reference to Charlotte as "ma piquante ange" suggests the following comment:

Piquant, a word which, as it is Anglicised, I recommend, when used in English, being pronounced *Anglicé*, a mode I once heard casually, and was much struck by, thinking it equally expressive, and more elegant than the French: and which not only reconciled

me to the word, but recommended it, though I was formerly averse to it.

The appendix contains much that is remarkable: thus of one poem included in the work we are told:—

“King Shakespeare” is a joint production. It is by one who is absolutely unacquainted with letters; who says that he thinks he never got through a book upon any occasion,—and so identified himself, instantly, as one of those whom Sterne classes as “No-Readers,” in a passage that accidentally caught his eye; but whose Whole Life has been a Fine Sentiment; and, (as was said of Luther’s words), like other men’s Battles.

Mr. Teetgen has also set his songs to music—I should like to hear “The Land of the Manly” (“published under the title of “England” in A flat; of a bold style, quasi *alla marcia*”): here are the words, capitals and all:

England! the Land of the Manly,	Thy Daughters are fairer than
The Pith and the Marrow of Men,	Hesper
Thy Sons are the lion-like valiant,—	That hangs o’er the tremulous sea;—
A theme for Shakespeare’s Pen.	No Greek was divine Aphrodite
	An Englishwoman was she.

Ripe Land of a rooted renown!
Thou little, thou mighty Land,
O’er which the winged godhead has flown
And stamped his peculiar brand.

The author has so “stamped *his* peculiar brand” on this volume that it is with difficulty that I leave it, but it must be done. I find, however, that I have given no example of the Devonshire poems, which indeed occupy but a small part of the book: here is the first verse of “Lynmouth Pier,” with its accompanying note:

Why soarest thou so slowly, Moon,
Behind the gloom of yonder hill:
I, chafing at its envious bulk,
That keeps thee from my yearning will.

The moon was exceedingly lovely at this time, and Lynmouth seemed to make it lovelier. It was on Lynmouth pier that I sat and composed this.

Mr. Thomas Costley, of Manchester, “having been to no watering-place that has pleased [him] more for the last thirty-four years to get [his] annual wash,” expresses his gratitude and admiration in *Sketches of Southport and other Poems*. This volume has a long prose introduction, inter-

spersed with tributes from admirers of the author's work—from "a most talented philosopher," who writes "A live coal from the sphere of home and rendez-vous of Mirth has touched your lips"; "a lady of fashion"; "a distinguished magistrate"; "a literary enthusiast," who says "The poems seem to me perfect they have the accents well placed, consequently they are very beautiful when read aloud"; "the wife of our beloved pastor"; "a scientist and an author of note"; "a gentle authoress"; and many more. Some express their admiration in verse:

A thousand thanks, O Costley, do I send
For these sweet verses here by this day's post

are the first lines of a sonnet by "a literary friend of many years standing, and a great lover of literature and literary men": a long poem describing his "retentive memory" takes the form of a toast: it begins:

We drink to the health of the man who is known
As the *one* Thomas Costley, all over the town :
Whose face is so round, and whose cheeks are so ruddy,
That you'd need to be told he was given to study,

students, as is well known, having long faces of pallid hue: the autographed portrait which fronts the title bears out the accuracy of the description, so far as this can be done without colour.

Although Southport occupies the foremost place—

Let others boast of London's fame, Her ports, her towers, her treasures, Be mine to speak the heartfelt fame, Of Southport and its pleasures.	Each season she appears more fair, This best of bathing places ; Like Venus rising from the sea Attended by the Graces.—
--	---

Other places merit Mr. Costley's approval: those who know Pendleton will doubtless share his appreciation of the boulevards which

. . . add beauty to our home
Nor oft shall we have reason in other lands to roam,

except of course for the yearly wash. Those who contributed to the attractiveness of the boulevards find due praise—in one instance not entirely uncritical:

I am proud of all the ladies who planted here the trees,
Though they were clad in costumes too rich for some to please
I'm proud of him who nobly bestowed on us the beech
To shelter ardent lovers when love dictates the speech
I'm proud of Mr. Langworthy, whose name can here be seen
Inscribed to name the highway, and keep his memory green.

The volume ends with "A Metrical Record of the Autumnal Meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held at Bradford, October, 1892, where

Each day, at Horton Lane Dissenting School,
Fair dames and damsels served the fragrant tea.

A unique feature of the book is an alphabetical subject index: "Anderson, W. Page 67; Apple, The, 103," and so on.

It must not, however, be supposed that it is only his native land that impels the "impossible" poet to verse: he finds equal inspiration in foreign climes near home or in world-wide range. Thus Miss Lila Gibson, in *Sprays from Paris*, immortalizes the sights and scenes of the French capital in verse which has the unexpected absence of rhyme which renders Mr. Ernest J. Reason's poems so attractive: the poem on "The Place de la Concorde and the Garden of the Tuilleries" begins:

'Tis through the tall and open gateway
Egyptian pyramid stands stately :
'Tis golden marked in wond'rous figure,
Obelisk still, as judging censure.

Here massive bronze can toss their flowing
To air and basin strongly throwing
Their wave, while maids would wash their bodies
In rushing water's sparkling rubies.

Miss Gibson deserves more attention, but the sands are running out, and one or two other authors claim notice—Mr. G. J. Traves, for example, who in *O'er Southern Seas* (273 pages) describes his "aimless flight amongst archaic ruins airy," in the course of which he describes at great length the sights and memories of Rome. Among the former St. Peter's naturally occupies a prominent place:

St Peter's—how doth puny Wonder
Probe Imagination
Confronted with thy symmetry
As if before Creation,

A prey to its incompetence
To eulogise, or sigh
Beyond expression wrapt at arches
Clamb'ring to the sky.

His visit to the Colosseum recalls to his mind

The bellowings of frenzied beasts
Whose gnawing entrails waged,
More furious with famine, than
Their cruel teeth assuaged

It with transfigured Christians—as
Their life stream ebbing flows—
Commuting, for eternal crowns
Of martyrdom, death's throes.

The Girdle of the Globe, "being a poem descriptive of Toil and Travel round the World" (359 pages), is the work of an author who conceals his identity under the name "Ralph," and who claims that it is

the only long poem in the language going over so wide a range, and written by one who has gone over the greater portion of the ground himself.

The two first verses will suffice to show that the volume is entitled to rank high among the impossibles:

It was with the P. and O,
That I booked myself to go
In their good ship the *Victoria*—
hight ;
To go round and see the world,
With my gallant sails unfurled,
And to witness how it twirled
In its flight.

'Twas a jolly, jolly crew,
And the ship was jolly new,
Well commanded by the true
Jolly Cates ;
While a dozen lithe and tall
Officers were at his call,
And I guess that they were all
Jolly mates.

I must frankly admit that one of the best of my geographical poets did not come to me through the ordinary channels of acquisition: indeed, had I seen on a bookstall *Geographical Memoirs of New South Wales*, published in 1825, I should not have suspected it of containing, as it does, the "First Fruits of Australian Poetry." But I had to consult the volume in connection with some botanical matter, and found to my delight that the editor, Mr. Barron Field, who had been "Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales and its Dependencies," had himself yielded to the judgment of "several of the first poets and critics of our times," and, in consequence of their approbation, had lightened the serious labour of editing other folk's geographical memoirs by printing his "first fruits" as an appendix to the volume.

Among the "first poets" of those times was Robert Montgomery, to whom Mr. Field addresses "verses in answer to those addressed to George Bennet, Esq., on his visit to the South Seas, deputed by the London Missionary Society"—verses it would seem (and one can readily believe it) inspired by the same spirit which dictated much of Montgomery's work. Here is the first verse:

Welcome to Southern Seas !
Thy poet's spirit greets thee hence,
In echoes from th' Antipodes,—
Minist'ring intelligence.
Welcome ! his spirit comes with thee !
Welcome ! his spirit sings in me !

The gem of the collection, which is not large, is an address to the Kangaroo, which begins thus:

Kangaroo ! Kangaroo !
Thou spirit of Australia,
That redeems from utter failure
From perfect desolation,
And warrants the creation
Of this fifth part of the earth,
Which should seem an after-birth,

Not conceiv'd in the beginning,
(For God bless'd His work at first,
And saw that it was good).
But emerg'd at the first sining,
When the ground was therefore
curst :—
And hence this barren wood.

A less austere person might be tempted here to trace an analogy between the "barren wood" of Australia and the Barron Field who thus describes it: but such frivolity would ill become the pages of this Review.

Having thus suggested that Australia was created in anticipation of the Kangaroo, Mr. Field proceeds to consider the animal:

To describe thee it is hard :
Converse of the caméopard,
Which beginneth camel-wise,
But endeth of the panther size,
Thy fore half it would appear
Had belong'd to "some small deer,"
Such as liveth in a tree;
By thy hinder, thou should'st be
A large animal of chase,
Bounding o'er the forest's space ;

Join'd by some divine mistake,
None but Nature's hand can make—
Nature in her wisdom's play
On Creation's holiday.
For howso'er anomalous,
Thou yet art not incongruous,
Repugnant or preposterous
Thou canst not be amended : no ;
Be as thou art, thou best art so.

Other colonial poems, including choice examples from India, clamour for notice, but the editorial shears are already sharpened for use, and I perforce refrain.

JAMES BRITTEN.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

XIII. SILENCE.

WINTER, as has been already hinted, came while we had our quarters at Midden Hall, West Flanders. And when it came, it came with a murderous thrust, like the horribly expert lunge of a long, cold sword, out of the east, finding out our vitals. A wind, born in Siberia, breeched amid the primeval desolation and bleakness of Russian steppes, and attaining its swift majority on the great, grim, glowering Central Plain of Europe (enemy territory) brought it to us, and seemed disposed there to leave it.

While the wind was driest, most parching, hardest, it was coldest, with the unsparing, awful chill that seems to get its fangs into the heart itself, and freeze the very blood-springs. The frost it brought was at first black and invisible—when you can *see* the frost, white on the stubble and spangled wayside weed, it is never so pitiless. It was only *felt*, in shaking limb, tense brow, crackling skin, curdled blood, cracked lip; it washed, up and down the whole body, like an icy refluent wave, getting in between flesh and bone, and further in yet between body and soul. To turn the naked face to the wind was to offer it to the lash of a cruel whip.

Then the snow came; and the wind, rollicking over a thousand miles of snow, was not warmed by it.

One thought "Crimean winter! Does war breed hard winters as it breeds other hard things?"

But with the snow it grew a little lighter. The black airs of those first days of the murderous frost softened to dingy grey: the inhuman iron of the low skies yielded to softer lower clouds of lead. At midday there might be a little sun, at afternoon was a frosty mist, pallid

"Like a face-cloth to the face"

clinging to the snow-bound flats. Even at night the fog held, but low down, clutched to the world's cold bosom. Above, it was clear, and black, and lonelier. Trees waded in the white mist, knee-high, but their branches swung free in the

wind, and high up their naked black fingers snatched at a star or two, even at a frightened moon running between rags of cloud.

On one of the last afternoons at Midden Hall Stern and the Ancient sallied forth to walk. They turned towards Ypres, only fallen into the beginning of its long agony then. The fields tilted a little, upwards towards a belt of wood, and it was pretty, in a wan fashion—like a wood-cut of Bewick's. Beyond the little wood the way dipped again to cross-roads, where a dozen cottages huddled round a small inn. At that spot soon afterwards many men were killed; the enemy found it out and shells fell there whenever our people went that way.

A pale gleam of sunlight came running eastward, like a hopeless bulletin from the short day's death-bed: it made the snow whiter, and the group of mean dwellings in front more sullenly black.

"It is like a Christmas card," says the Ancient.

"Yes. The noise of the guns doesn't show in the picture," Stern comments shrewdly.

At the cross-roads we looked right, left, and in front. The leftwards road led to Dickebusch:

"Where does *that* road go?" we asked, pointing in front, of a French soldier who stood, flapping himself with his arms to get warm, at the corner.

"To death, I should say," he replied cheerfully, without pausing in his flapping. "To shell-fire and the result."

"He thinks the English are all mad, it would be a pity to disappoint him," declared the Ancient.

And we kept ahead, leaving the little huddle of dull, brooding-looking houses, behind us. There was another tilt upward of the stark and frozen fields: it was scarce a hill, the low ridge to which the road led. Still it was hill enough to bound the view that way. To the right the fields ended in a gaunt spinney; a dozen cows were standing about, red, I suppose, but black to the eye against the snow. Presently we overtook a man, armed with a large, ill-folded umbrella. He was Flemish; in fact, and in build, and in feature—or absence of feature. Nothing was more striking to eyes now grown used to Latin definiteness of face and feature than the vagueness and emptiness of the Flemish faces. He ranged alongside and walked quicker, as though he had purposely loitered for us to get abreast: and he was un-Flemishly

disposed for conversation. He spoke ugly French, fluently, except when he did not wish to reply; then he became incoherent, and lapsed into a tongue that I doubt whether even a Fleming could have understood. He asked a great many questions—and seemed in high spirits. (The Allies affairs were not supposed to be roseate just then.)

"Tell him lies," suggested Stern calmly.

"Fairy-tales are not lies," said the Ancient, bethinking himself of such fairy-tales as Pip told Pumblechook and Mrs. Joseph Gargery when cross-questioned after his first interview with Miss Havisham.

The Flemish gentleman with the umbrella seemed worried by the fairy-tales and nettled by them.

At the top of the little lift in the road we could see straight ahead, across downward tilted fields, to a very near horizon scarfed in woodland. Here we stood still and watched. The fringe of woodland was scarcely two kilomètres from us.

"Ah," says our Flemish friend, "so you think it's all going very well?"

"Splendidly," quoth Stern.

"Then there'll be good news soon," and the owner of the umbrella chuckled, and grinned, and sidled off across the snow to our right, where some more cows were standing motionless in the frozen stubble.

It appeared necessary for him now to wield the umbrella; he half opened it, shut it again, waved it, half opened it again, but without going very near the cows, who appeared quite unmoved by his gesticulations. If he meant to drive them he seemed singularly contented with very slight results—since the results were *nil*.

On the white fields his figure would be visible, even to the naked eye, from further off than the woods over yonder: so would our own figures be. But through field-glasses his gesticulations might seem less village-idiot-like.

"That," observed Stern with conviction, "is a scoundrel."

At that moment a shell fell, and burst in the snow, not fifty mètres to the left of where we stood. Almost immediately another came, a Black Maria, and burst a little nearer, still on the left; and still the umbrella was busily engaged.

"'Bout turn.' Eh?" said Stern, and we started homeward not very talkative. Other shells came, but fell wider; and, in spite of the umbrella, the Ancient felt safer when the

little ridge was between those woodlands and himself and his friend.

"I suppose," he said, after a long silence, and not cheerfully, "that really was a spy."

"If he isn't, then I'm one," answered Stern, coolly, as he stood still to fill and light his pipe.

Somewhat it was depressing.

After all a Fleming is a Belgian, and if anyone should feel disposed to help the Allies one would say it must be a Belgian. It seemed a squalid reflex of the older, more appalling story of another Deliverer betrayed by them. He came to save from the ruin another ruthless enemy had brought upon them.

That was our last afternoon at Midden Hall. Next morning we had orders to be gone. I cannot say that our screaming hostess seemed much perturbed at our departure: one couldn't help wondering if she had umbrella-ish sympathies too. But she clearly had no prejudice against the English money she received, and shook it warmly in her hand as if it had been all our hands.

Through O. we went; then along a flat road with trees on one side; behind R.; then up a slowly rising road to the ridge that there divides Belgium from France. A very gallant, gaunt body of men at one point came riding down on lean horses, and we had to lie to, thrust into the hedge, to let them pass. Some, of the officers even, had no boots, but had their feet swathed up in putties. Many of the men were quite tattered: all had a singular, shining air of gallantry and high heart. Alas, many horses were riderless; he who rides on the Pale Horse having set their masters on the crupper of his own saddle and ridden off with them to the City of Great Peace. Every uniform was war-stained: mud-stained, rain-stained, snow-stained, battle-stained: and the dingier the uniform the more gallant and noble seemed the wearer.

"Who are you?" asked the Ancient, clinging to the slippery top of a high bank.

"Royal Horse Guards Blue," cried the trooper, laughing out of his clear blue English eyes into the Ancient's. As plainly as if he had time to say it, adding, "Ever seen us in London; my little shabby gentleman?"

London would never have made that cavalcade the poignant, splendid picture it was. A little step, Sirs, but an infinite, from the swell soldier of London streets to the shabby hero there.

Beyond the dip of the hill was a tiny village—full of wintry sunshine, and biting wind that flapped the shutters of a cabaret. The Royal Horse Guards Blue were there too, still riding through. A very young officer, but very big, had got off his horse, and was unwinding a blood-sopped bandage off his foot. A girl came out of a cottage with clean strips of linen, soft and old; she was for kneeling to bind the hurt foot. But the lad blushed, and would not suffer that: he took the rags and thanked her, with a very gracious and sweet smile, but would do it himself.

"Ladies," said he, using the word he meant, "do not kneel to us others, men. But thank you, thank you very much indeed."

"Of nothing, Monsieur."

The Ancient held his horse while he wound his bandage, and the horse nibbled, with lip only, at the Ancient's ear. A very old man and a very young boy came and watched.

When the tall lad of an officer had finished, mounted, saluted the girl, and ridden on, with his bandaged, unbooted foot in the stirrup, the old man asked in piping treble, pointing after him and his troopers:

"De quel régiment, Monsieur?"

"D'un régiment des Gardes-à-Cheval de notre roi, Monsieur."

"Quels braves!" cried the old man. Neither he nor the girl, nor the little fellow, laughed or smiled. It did not seem to strike them that a King's guard might be more resplendent in tailor's stuff.

"But you are French?" queried the Ancient.

[We were in Belgium still.]

"French, Monsieur. From near Arras. *Refugiés.*"

Thus it was always. Belgian refugees in France, French in Belgium: the bitter wave of exile surfing over the frontier like a sad tide over an invisible bar.

The last of the cavaliers disappeared round the twist of road leading up out of the village, and presently our own men came down. After that shallow dip the way swerved up again to the higher ridge on the top of which Belgium and France met.

The Ancient walked on alone, eager to be in France again. The ridge had a saddle-back, and in the very seat of the saddle sat a hamlet—a small, clean, cabaret, and less than a half-score cottages. Hungry and thirsty, the Ancient went

into the cabaret and asked for coffee and bread. A comfortable middle-aged woman gave them to him, and her small people came to the door of the house-place to watch. Over their heads the Ancient could see their grandmother, knitting and saying a rosary at the same time. Above the shelves, ranged with bottles, in the outer room, hung the crucifix: you see it everywhere in the cabarets hereabouts.

"Pray for mine," the Ancient asked the grandmother, giving a little red badge of God's Heart to each of the children.

"Eh, oui. Monsieur perhaps has left a sister at home?—never mind, she prays for him."

"I never had a sister. It is my mother who prays."

"The mother of Monsieur must be old—as I am."

[Her daughter was much younger than the Ancient.]

"A great deal older, I think."

Then they all fell to talking, the children too, and were very kind and friendly. Some men came in, and the guest was displayed to them with much complacence, as if he had been a rare old specimen, taken alive, and borrowed from a museum.

The coffee was being made hot over the stove, and the Ancient said:

"I am going out. I want to run into France. I shall come back immediately."

It was about thirty yards into France. There was a white post on the road-side with "France" on a flap on one side of it, and "Belgique" on a flap on the other.

Two of our officers had come up and the Ancient said to them:

"Come and be in France."

And they all three went there. Three or four French soldiers were watching, and they slightly plumed themselves when they saw Major O. bring out a Kodak. There was also a Belgian soldier, who affected to be unaware of the camera, and looked what time it was by his wrist-watch three times in two minutes.

"Come and be the Entente Cordiale," suggested the Ancient, "M. le Commandant is going to make a photograph."

They all came, the Belgian warrior assenting with a glance of surprise towards the camera that might have deceived the very elect. But he had cuffs, and adjusted them.

He ranged himself to the Ancient's right—in his own country: the Frenchmen went to the Ancient's left—in theirs. Half the Ancient was in the Kingdom, half in the Republic.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," observed the Belgian, absent-mindedly, with a watchful eye on the camera, "donne le côté gauche à la France."

"Oui, Monsieur, j'ai en France le flanc gauche—où se trouve le cœur."

"Nous vous remercions, Monsieur!" cried one of the Frenchmen: but the Belgian was arranging the set of his mouth, and made no repartee.

When the Ancient went back for his coffee, Madame said:

"We have put away the little badges Monsieur gave our *petits*. When the bishop comes next time they shall wear them."

The New Zealander was one of the two officers—who had also come in; and he proceeded to explain the Ancient in more striking colours:

"Writes books!" cried Madame.

"Tiens!" cried Madame's mother.

"What puts Monseigneur in the books?" demanded the eldest little girl.

"All sorts of things. You, perhaps," said the New Zealander, pinching the child's ear—as if he had been Napoleon.

"Monsieur aime bien les enfants," quoth the watching mother smilingly.

"J'en ai moi-même," said our New Zealander, pointing downwards to his home. "J'en ai quatre."

"Décédés!" cried Madame, with pitying eyes. "Tous!"

The New Zealander laughed (scandalizing her for an instant).

"Non, Madame. Aux Antipodes."

A rustle of excitement. I am sure that never had that village company before so dizzily realized the rotundity of this planet. Here was an officer whose children clung to the opposite side of it, upside down, by their feet, like the flies to the ceiling. The eldest little girl glanced up at them with an entirely new interest.

Presently we all went on, down a long hill into France: and half-way down it a breathless little girl came running, her pigtail sticking out behind like the handle of a *casserole*.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she called out, and the Ancient ranged up.

"Maman!" she gasped. "Petits souvenirs. Pour Monsieur. Monseigneur . . ." and she proffered a yellow envelope containing post-cards of the hamlet in the saddle-back, ". . . de la part de maman. . ."

So we were in France again: and the westering sun was getting ready to seek his early (ill-earned) rest behind a French horizon.

The Ancient looked to right and left lovingly.

"Like coming home," he thought.

The landscape was really prettier—there *was* a landscape anyway—and it lay in a tenderer yellow-white mist, and every roof scattered through the quiet fields sheltered a French hearth, though God only knew how many gaps there were at every one of those hearths.

But the sun set, and the day died, and the dusk fell, and our eastern enemy the wind came looking for us, and found us, even there. Not a French wind: Pomeranian I should say, it was so snappish and waspish. In its teeth it held sharp, microscopic ice-needles, like files grown tiny from industrious in-breeding. Whew! it was cold. That sort of wind makes no noise: it comes not to brag, but to bite: not to say "I'll freeze the marrow in your bones," but to do it. A wind that comes from kissing the savage northern plains of Germany is (like Habbakuk) capable of anything.

The Ancient's bones felt like the backbone of a scarecrow in a frozen field as he and his unit marched into St. J., a long draughty village, with a long uncompromising church without anything (chapel, transept, buttress) to break its red-brick length.

Our first billet was in the school, and there we sat down to supper at the children's desks. When your supper is chiefly soup, a desk of somewhat acute angle makes a queer dinner-table and your lap is likely to get as much as your mouth.

But in the village was a Convent, and in the Convent were nuns, and the birds of the air carried the matter. Prelates are rarer birds in northern France and in all Flanders than that other bird that carries matters. The nuns were gravely scandalized to hear talk of prelates lapping up soup out of precipitous soup-plates in school class-rooms; and a deputation came to see.

"Ma Sœur" saw and was more deeply shocked than ever.

"This," said she, as though quelling a revolution, "must cease."

"I cannot possibly go to the Convent alone," protested the victim of the revolution, "all the officers must be together."

"You all come," quoth Ma Sœur. And we all went.

The Convent was called the Maison St. Joseph and proved to be very big—nearly a tenth of the size of the smallest nun's heart. All of us were ordered there, soldiers and all. As for the officers, we were given a large airy parlour for living-room, where we could move about, write letters conveniently, and eat our meals in extreme comfort. Chutney fairly blushed when a white table-cloth was laid by a nun in a white *cornette*, and awe settled on us all when the nun (herself unmoved) brought a dinner-napkin for each officer. Leo XIII. and Pius X. looked down upon us from the walls with blandest tolerance.

"Ma Sœur," observed the nun with the napkins, "hopes the officers will smoke when they wish."

"Ask her," murmured Chutney in the Ancient's ear, "if we may play bridge."

The Commanding Officer frowned, and was beginning a chill rebuke of Chutney's presumption, but the little nun instantly declared that there could be no possible objection.

Presently Ma Sœur looked in to endorse these permissions and see if we were comfortable.

"Only," said she, "I should be grateful if the officers would go up to their rooms at nine o'clock."

"Gentlemen," said the C.O., "you will leave this room every night at 8.45."

"No, Sir," quoth the spoiled Ancient, "Ma Sœur says 8.60."

Afterwards the C.O. gave a little exhortation. [At the beginning of the campaign his nose had had an habitual tilt, eloquent of criticism, whenever there was allusion to the Catholic Church.]

"Remember, gentlemen," said he, "that, by the great kindness and courtesy of these holy ladies, you are their guests. A lot of officers are odd enough guests for such a house: and think how easily we may put them out more than our presence itself must put them out. Take care that in everything you remember where you are, and in what sort of house."

I am sure it was a very kindly and respectfully meant little exhortation: and equally sure that none of those who carefully and respectfully listened to it had the least need of any such reminder. Everywhere in France I heard the same word used of the English troops and their officers by the French clergy and the French nuns, "Ces *bons* Anglais."

"Sir," declared the Ancient to his C.O. afterwards, "I am sure there is not a nun in France who would not welcome the English who are come to stand beside their own soldiers in this war."

And as the days went on it was easy to see that the Sisters of Charity at St. J. were not less contented with their military guests than their guests were with their open-hearted welcome.

We were given excellent beds, and some of us bedrooms to ourselves. The Ancient had two beds in his room, and after not having seen one for so long it seemed a wasted opportunity not to be able to occupy both. The hospitality of the nuns provided even a night-cap—so ample that it must have been knitted for a bishop. In the room there was also a stove, and, in spite of his earnest protests that he did not want it lighted, the Ancient, on going up to bed, found it literally red-hot all over. Shutters, blinds and curtains were all drawn close, and the Ancient hurriedly prayed to the Three Holy Children for guidance in his emergency. For the first time since it had begun to blow he began to think of coming to terms with the ill-conditioned wind outside.

Even the Ancient's servant had been thought of. He came tapping at the door now.

"Sir," said he, wide-eyed, "the nuns have had a bed made up for me, *in a bedstead, in a room: all to myself.* Had I better sleep in it?"

"Why not?"

"Well. It seems such *neck*. And it might breed jealousy, if the fellows knew. Only, of course, it's just along of me being your servant."

"Well go to bed, and don't tell the other fellows."

From St. J., we could walk to B., and did so, where the Ancient paid a surprise visit to the Maison des Aliénés and the little Aumônier. He opened the door himself, with a finger in his breviary, but he instantly called loudly for Marie, who came running from the kitchen, armed with a *casserole*, fully convinced that the Germans had come back. Finding how matters stood, she looked so much disposed to pat the Ancient's back with her *casserole* that he could only hope it was cool and empty.

On another afternoon we walked to the Mont des Cats, a place some four or five miles from St. J. A very windy ridge, visible far and wide, was the Mont des Cats, and somehow

the look of it made the Ancient think of *Wuthering Heights*.

"Do take us there," some of our officers begged of the Ancient, "on the top of the hill there's a huge monastery. And a German Prince—of Hesse-Something—was killed there ten days ago: there was fighting all round the place. The monks buried him. But fourteen Germans came in the night, a few days afterwards, and dug him up and stole him. Do take us to see the monastery."

Stern, the New Zealander, and Chutney, with the Ancient, made up the party. It was a pleasant walk, wintry, but through rather pretty ever-rising frozen fields. On the way Chutney came to the Ancient's side and said:

"Tell us what it means—would you mind?—being a Cistercian."

Nature and youth and high spirits were forever insisting on the lad's being perky: he was all quips and laughter. But something else—a very sweet and clear heart—made him gentle, and oddly meek at times. And he had the rather rare grace of being singularly ready to respect what he did not yet understand.

"You see," he said, "I don't know anything about monks. Perhaps the others do."

"Do you?"

"Not I," said Stern and our New Zealander.

"Well, it isn't very easy to explain, in a few words, to three fellows like you, what Cistercians are; what monks are for. There are even some of our own people, nowadays, who are so shallow, and so unfortunately influenced by the air they breathe in such a place, say, as London, who do not appreciate monks, and wonder if they are not out of date. If God is out of date (as the air those men, of whom I speak, breathe, thinks He is) then monks are out of date too. Their reasonableness depends on His existence, and the reality of His claims. They are just for God. They do not fly to philanthropy to excuse themselves. First of all I must explain that our Church has always vehemently defended the thing we call *Vocation*—that every man, among his other liberties, has the inborn right to follow his own special and particular vocation. Most men sooner or later have the vocation (among other things) to marry, and so help to carry on the world. But we deny that every man on earth has that particular vocation. A million have it, there is one man in the next million who has not:—In the beginning of the Church there were men

who felt themselves so out of tune with what we call the world, the social bustle of life around them, that they went out from it, carrying nothing of it with them, into the wilderness—as the baptist had done, and many of the holy Hebrew race before him. They lived anywhere, in holes of the rocks, in shallow pent-house lairs with the jutting, scooped out, Nile-bank for roof. They scratched up the earth around their caves or wattled huts, and grew such coarse pulse as would come, for their food. And always, all day long, and half night long too (often for whole nights), they gave themselves up to tryst with Him from whom we fly. Did you ever hear this?—

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;
 I fled Him down the arches of the years ;
 I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind ; and in the midst of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
 And shot precipitated
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasméd fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

For though I knew His love who followèd
 Yet was I sore adread
 Lest, having Him, I must have nought beside.

" Most of us have always that dread (and guard against it) of being like Peter, James and John who, seeing Him revealed on the mountain, came down seeing nothing else *nisi solum Jesum*: the terror lest, once giving God the inch we could spare, He should take the whole ell of us. We think Infinity is bleak, even that of Infinite Love. So huge that it must burst our heart if we let it in: and we turn to little things as being near and neighbourly. And perhaps some of us like to be just a little above our company (not so high above as to be beyond appreciation) and it damps us to think of an intimacy wherein every glance at our Friend would threaten contrast, and reproach of our inferiority. The solitaries of whom I speak fled *to* that from which we fly. Their object was to be overtaken by Him the sound of whose following frightens *us*. They hungrily went to learn that which we are in hourly fear of knowing—God and His claims. You and I—how little can we know each other, though we have each other's faces to see, voices to hear, gestures to note, acts to witness? Can one know God, whose

Face you and I never saw, whose words never fell in our ears, whose gesture is the vast creation, and His action the ordered obedience of the universe? To that knowledge they set themselves. He was their school, their schoolmaster, and their lesson. Him only—that was their subject: they were not ashamed to be men of one book, seeing that in its pages was everything. They gave themselves to what we call contemplation as a life-work. Not a new-fangled notion in Christianity, nor even a discovery of Christianity, for the great, ancient religions of the east all have it, and had it long before Christianity was born in Jewry. The greatest sage in the east has always been, and still is, he who holds it no waste to go out into the loneliness where the infinite voice can be heard, and let his life's achievement be nothing more than an eavesdropping at Divine Wisdom.

"Well, among the solitaries there would often be a man of special character, of peculiar quality, and him the others would take for leader. Under his presidency, or abbacy, the scattered group would be unified into a community. The solitary was still to be found, remaining simply a hermit. The united solitaries were monks. And as all union presently implies law, though ever so voluntarily accepted, each community came to have some sort of rule—if at first it came to no more than the recognition of special hours for special duties and services. As the ages slowly passed, the monastic idea grew, and certain great exponents and masters of it arose, the greatest St. Benedict, who fashioned out of ancient and new material the vast Benedictine fortress still impregnable.

"Please remember how our Church insists on liberty of vocation: some Orders arose with one special vocation (plus the main vocation to monasticism)—education, tending sick and wounded, redemption of captives, preaching, a thousand things, as changing life produced new needs. No one need be a monk: no one need be this or that sort of monk. But the Church insists that he who chooses to seek God along that road must have it open to him.

"The monks you are coming to see are pure contemplatives—and so an Order of much rarer vocation now than the Orders which superadd special activities. For a thousand ordinary priests (what we call secular priests) there may not be one monk of any sort: among ten thousand monks there may not be one Cistercian: only the Church insists that that one

must be free to be the thing to which he believes God beckons him. No republic has ever held so valiantly to the individual liberties as the great monarchy of the Catholic Church—a Kingdom in the universe, a Vice-royalty in this far province of earth.

"The Cistercian's life is very austere. He eats no meat, nor eggs; butter, cheese, milk, only at certain seasons. He wears no linen. He toils hard in the fields. He rises in the coldest middle of the night and makes worship with his brethren in choir. And he keeps perpetual silence. While the world chatters, he thinks—of God. No doubt a monk will show us over the monastery; he may speak to us while doing it. The Abbot may speak to his monks when any need for a spoken direction arises: and the monk, needing such, may ask it of him. The master of novices speaks to them, as need is to teach them their way of life, they to him in any doubt of it. But the life of the monastery is silent."

We had all along been in sight of the monastery; and, while the Ancient tried to explain its meaning, forgetting many points that should have been remembered, marring many by haste and shyness and fear of too intolerable a prolixity, his young listeners (especially the youngest) often held their eyes upon its long roofs, and sharp turrets; high up there against the cold sky-line it had in its huge bulk something of the air of a fortalice—a strong Castle of God, proclaiming itself an outpost.

"There is something I should like to add," said the Ancient, "since you listen so patiently." [Chutney shook his head, not protesting impatience or repudiation.] "Here it is. In all Christendom no race of men has been more numerous than that which tills the soil. To some they seem outcast of the social life, not amused by the variety and episode of burgher life; but, anyway, leading lives of great monotony, with backs bent, and eyes turned mostly downward, towards that dust whence we all come, and whither we all return. Can you not imagine that to every husbandman in our Church it must be a gracious and uplifting thing to remember such a place as we see yonder? Must not its sane and noble infection catch him? 'There,' thinks he, 'are husbandmen like me. Their life of toil in furrow and farmstead is mine. They see no variation but that of the seasons, no more than I: monotony of labour is their lot, as it is mine: looking downward, then, as I delve, can I not be

seeing Heaven as they, and growing hourly more at home (like them) with my one neighbour God?' As he trudges homeward through the misty dusk, and hears their bell ring out on the frosty air, *must* he not say, 'I to my hard-earned frugal meal, to my hearth, and to my rest: they, empty-bellied, to their prayer and praise, their brief hard repose, and then their vigil with the Great Sentinel of all,' and *must* he not join his dumb heart in praise with theirs? *Must* not his empty fields seem less lonely? :—And one last thing before we go up and knock at that door. A thing I have often tried to say . . . in the Catholic Church there is a certain thing, what I call a quality, that arrests every open-eyed man who scans her. *You* have come to see it, since you have been forced to look at her here in France. It is that quality that preaches louder than any preacher in any pulpit. You, at least, Martin, I *know* have heard its call. Polemics, controversy, special-pleading, would simply bore you, and set all your opposition alert on guard. But that quality arrests you; and because it is a *fact*, patent in itself, it impresses you more than any assertion of it could. Well, that quality is one of the heir-looms of the Catholic Church bequeathed to her by her own children; and lives like those of these monks maintain its store and add to it in every age."

It was snowing fast now, and for a few minutes there wavered a white arras between us and the monastery, now quite near.

When we rang at the outer gate there was a clanging echo, somewhat bleak and empty-sounding. Presently the door opened and we were taken along vaulted, chill corridors of stone, to a stone parlour, with no ornament but the crucifix.

The three young men seemed to catch the Cistercian infection and sat wordless. After a few minutes delay, a monk entered; he only bowed, without speaking, to the four strangers; then the Ancient asked permission to see the abbey. The monk bowed again, and turned to show us out into the corridors, up stone steps, into a fine cloister. Throughout he only spoke in answer to a question, and then briefly, though not curtly. He was courteous, but grave: aloof, not austere, though nearly; silence was not merely his habit but his atmosphere, and he breathed it, expiring it as well as inhaling: silence was not his prison but his freedom; he escaped out of talk into it whenever his captors let him go.

It was an immense place.

We saw the refectory, vast and fine, with the fineness of complete simplicity, the absence of all ornament or superfluity. On the boards were laid out spoons, forks, mugs, trenchers, for the next meal.

"When will it be?" whispered Chutney. "Ask him."

The Ancient asked.

"To-morrow. At midday."

(Chutney rubbed his nose.)

We saw the chapter-house. And the dormitories—vast and very cold, but airy and intensely clean. And the kitchens, vast ("and unsuggestive of grub," whispered Chutney). And the immense, most beautiful church.

Here our monk pointed to the floor, where a slab recorded that the Drawing Master of the Princesses, daughters of King George III. of England, lay beneath, and had left his life's earnings towards the building of this fane.

Three monks were praying in the church. One out on the pavement; a very tall man evidently, with a noble face. He never glanced at us, and we hardly presumed to do more than glance at him.

"I never," said Chutney afterwards, "saw a man pray like that. It swallowed him up."

Out in the cloister our monk told us that it was the Abbot.

"He does not, then," said the Ancient, "always wear the cross."

"He wears it," said the monk, "always."

We saw the library. A fine, panelled room, where nearly a dozen monks were reading: the light was rather dim in there now: and the white figures, dotted here and there, gave a singular impression of stillness: outside there was always the tedious iteration of the war's pulse, the sullen, thick, muffled, beating of the guns. Not one of the monks so much as raised his head to see who entered. To ourselves our coming there seemed as impertinent to their life as the fretful fuming of the war down there in the plains.

"Have any of your monks gone away as chaplains?" asked the Ancient, when we were all outside in the cloister.

"Some have gone as soldiers. They are in the trenches."

"Ask him," begged Chutney, "about the German prince."

The Ancient asked, repeating the legend of the prince's abduction after death, and then only our monk smiled.

"A prince of Hesse was killed here, two weeks ago. He

was never buried here. His officers took him away at once. Others were killed here at the same time—Germans, and French. These we buried here. Come and see."

He led us out into the garden,—a large plateau surrounded on three sides by the abbey and its workshops.

"Here," said our monk.

There was a sort of raised mound, perhaps thirty feet long and ten broad: already very neat, and covered with smooth sods. About a dozen and a half of wooden crosses.

"Germans and French together?"

"*In pace.*" said the monk, bowing, with each hand in the opposite sleeve.

No one spoke: and the red sun was slipping down behind the far, flat horizon far beneath us. The snow had all ceased, and the night came on clear and hard.

"We must pray," whispered the monk at last, "for all. We cannot separate them."

"Absit."

We went straight thence to the gate, where he turned to leave us.

"Shake hands with them all," begged the Ancient in his ear, "they are all Protestants and never saw a Cistercian before."

He drew his cold hands from his sleeves and immediately shook hands with each—not coldly.

"I suppose," said the lad Chutney, "we shall never see each other again."

The monk smiled and lifted a pointing finger towards the sky.

"Well," said Chutney, as we walked quickly down the frozen slope on our homeward way, "one learns a lot."

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE ANGLICAN "NATIONAL MISSION."

A TOPIC of special religious interest at the moment is the Anglican National Mission which now enters upon its third stage, a stage which is to last through the months of October and November. Much has been written about it, both in the specially Anglican and the general press during the last few months, but partly from its unprecedented character, partly because its work so far has not been of a nature to arrest the attention of outsiders to the Anglican Communion, its objects and methods are only imperfectly understood by these latter, at all events by those among them who belong to our own Communion. A few words of explanation on the subject may not be unwelcome to our readers, who cannot but view with interest, and we trust also with sympathy, a movement which, even should it fail to attain the full success desired by its projectors, is likely to have far-reaching effects on the spiritual welfare of the nation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in an address to the Convocation of Canterbury, delivered on February 16th of the present year, explains how the idea of this Mission originated. There has been a general feeling in the country—ever since it realized how the war is creating an epoch after which the country, even when peace is at length restored to it, can never be the same in all respects—that it should use the opportunity to review the industrial, social, moral, and religious conditions under which it has lived hitherto, strive to arrive at a true and impartial judgment as to what is amiss and what should be substituted, and cultivate a spirit in conformity with these judgments. The Archbishop stated that he and his fellow-bishops had received letters from divers quarters, expressing surprise and displeasure that the National Church had been so apathetic hitherto in face of such an emergency, and asking that it should now at all events "make a united effort to give people the help for which they are craving and the guidance whereof they feel the need." The Archbishop felt that there was justice in this appeal, and after careful consultation with his fellow-bishops, and other

persons of experience and influence, decided that, among other things, there should be undertaken throughout the country a special kind of Mission which was to be called the National Mission of Repentance and Hope.

In character the National Mission is to be distinguished from the Parochial Missions which are nowadays in use in the Anglican Church as in our own. Here comes the point as to the nature of which a certain obscurity seems to pervade the explanation officially given. The Archbishop's words on the subject may here be quoted. "It may be well," he says, "in some dioceses—not, I think, in all—that we should make plans for having a day or two days, or more, in every single parish, when special preaching shall take place. But that is quite different from what we ordinarily know as a Parochial Mission. What we aim at is something different."

We want to stir our great centres of population to realize what they are missing when they leave on one side, as our artisan manhood so largely does, the Church and its social message, its moral message, its message for days of stress, or of conflict, or of sorrow. Men and women of every condition and calling are giving us just now splendid examples of self-sacrificing service. They may be discouraged, they are reasonably discouraged, by what they sometimes see and know of the Church as actually presented to them in their own neighbourhood. We want to show them, none the less, that it is in the Church, as the fellowship of the servants of Jesus Christ, that they can find the truest interpretation of their ideals and the surest inspiration of their hopes. We want, in short, by the help of God, to remove widespread popular misconception as to the true character of the Church of Christ, and its relation, or possible relation, to the daily life of ordinary men and women. We want to ascertain and appreciate what those who have been alienated from the outward fellowship of Christ really think and feel, what are the standards and ideals which they have made their own instead, and to find ways by which the message of God in Jesus Christ and the means of grace which He has appointed in His Church may be freed from conventional misunderstandings which have deadened their effective force. Our effort is to be essentially a Mission of Witness—a witness before the nation at a time of unexampled crisis. It is a task of absolutely vital moment and stupendous difficulty. There are mountainous obstacles, but there is a faith which can remove mountains. God teach us how to make it and to keep it strong. Remember that the war and war conditions are, in God's mercy, helping us to the breaking down of ingrained or instinctive prejudices. Doors are open which

used to be close shut. No vain or trifling difference that. It is thus, quite largely, that the call has come.

In short the object is to recall if possible to the practice of the Christian religion, of course in the Anglican Church, the vast numbers who in recent years have lapsed into indifferentism, not so much, as the projectors think, in any perversity of mind or distaste for spiritual things, but because the truth about religion and about the National Church has not been satisfactorily put before them. Whether this omission is due to the negligence or other faults of the Anglican clergy or the practising members of their laity, it is felt that clergy and laity ought to accept responsibility for results which at all events show that their ministrations and service have failed to achieve the task set; and it is in recognition of this that they have taken for the motto of their Mission the words *Repentance and Hope*, meaning thereby that it is intended to evoke a mighty expression of repentance and a consequent "expression of Hope" which will both be corporate, not merely personal, because all will join in both, not merely in their own personal names and for their own personal sakes, but in the name and for the sake of their whole Church. This is a point on which they lay great stress. It is characteristic of the National Mission, says a "Priest who desires to repent," who is the author of National Mission Paper No. 17, "that it demands a corporate penitence. We are being told that this is just the point on which the Mission differs from its predecessors. . . . It involves a difference of quality. It is permeated through and through, if I may put it so, with the idea of nationality. It is addressed to Church and Nation, and to each individual as a member of the Church and Nation."

The object, in spite of the difference indicated, might have been pursued by the same method as a Parochial Mission, that is by a system of sermons, devotions, and religious exercises in the various churches. That is, however, not the method in fact chosen—which is we suppose the reason why we do not find the towns and villages furnished with a multitude of posters and bills giving the times of services, the names of the preachers, etc., as in ordinary Mission time. The method actually followed has been to divide the whole procedure into three stages. In the early spring the clergy, in response to the invitation given to them, prepared themselves by making retreats, meeting one another frequently for

the purpose of mutual encouragement and recommendation, and holding services of intercessory prayer, and concerting plans suitable for their respective spheres of ministry. In the later spring and early summer that section of the laity which were, or wished to become, Church workers were to undertake their work of preparation by consultation with their local clergy, by making their own retreats, and also by acting as "special messengers" to go the round of the towns and villages in twos and threes, following in the footsteps of the clerical messenger, to meet the people in their houses or in other suitable places, perhaps spending a day or two in the neighbourhood, instructing such of the inhabitants as welcomed them and seeking to interest them in the objects of the Mission and its work. This we understand has been done on a large scale during the summer, though it has not fallen to our lot to come into contact with it in any way. In this last stage, which is to occupy the next two months, the clergy and lay "messengers" are to seek out the people, exhorting them to persevere in the practice of religion, or to return to its allegiance. As to how this part of the procedure will be carried on we only know that it will differ in the different dioceses and localities, and doubtless will include, according to the measure of possibilities, public meetings and exhortations, supplemented by private instructions and personal interviews, all which will take their colour and tone in accordance with the High Church or the Evangelical conceptions of what is needful for conversion and the obtaining of Divine forgiveness, as the Vicars of the respective parishes may deem fit.

Of course the end of the National Mission itself is not to be regarded as terminating the endeavour to accomplish the objects for which it is being undertaken, but rather as the attainment of a position of advantage from which the further prosecution of these objects can be continued and developed.

It must be acknowledged that a National Mission conceived on these lines is a bold project, and also a worthy one. Will it have success? Doubtless it will achieve a degree of success, which even if it should fall far short of the success it aims at, will be rewarded by a success of no mean degree. The clergy and the workers will benefit themselves spiritually, and by their zealous efforts and the fervour and assiduity of their prayers—prayers of the good old-fashioned sort and not those sceptical and useless prayers which some, even of

their own body, are recommending to them just now—will be enabled to reclaim numbers of others to the long-lost but perhaps much-regretted religious impressions of their childhood. But will this Mission issue in results of the kind and in the measure which its projectors have had in view and are longing to see realized? It is hardly conceivable. The Anglican clergy and devout laity do themselves an injustice in holding themselves responsible for the general falling away from religion of so large a section of the English people during the last generation or two. In former times they were indeed apathetic, but for a long time past, exceptions of course apart, they have displayed a most edifying zeal, and if they have not been able to stem the flood it is because it has been too overwhelming. There is indeed an aspect of their life and their position under which, if they could only be induced to see it, they might with profit engage in acts of "corporate penitence." Not they themselves but their forefathers cast away the bonds which were essential to the unity of the Catholic Church, and by so doing destroyed for the English people the appeal of that convincing argument which is indispensable if not for all, at all events for those who have not the education to assimilate more learned and subtle arguments, the argument we mean for the truth of the Catholic Church, and thence by strict logic for the Christian religion, which is drawn from the Four Notes of the Church conspicuously presented to the eyes of mankind. But to expect this from our Anglican fellow countrymen under their present conditions would be to expect too much. We will be content, therefore, to pray God's blessing on a work for which they are labouring with so much zeal and so much prayer.

S. F. S.

RESERVATION AND THE XXXIX ARTICLES.

WE have the sincerest respect for the earnestness and the piety conspicuous in the lives of the great majority of the clergy who belong to the more advanced section of the Established Church. They are most of them men who maintain a high standard of moral integrity and who often set a splendid example of self-sacrifice. And yet the attitude of almost all to the formularies of the Church of England is one that baffles and astounds us. That honest men believing the doctrines they believe, and recommending the practices they habitually recommend, should consider themselves justi-

fied in subscribing the Thirty-Nine Articles is a moral phenomenon which we hold to be almost unique in religious experience. We do not by any means draw the inference that they are consciously insincere, but it appears to us, we must own, that in such cases the logical faculty must be atrophied even to the point of complete insensibility.

The current number (September 22nd) of *The Church Times* contains an admirable article on "Access to the Reserved Sacrament" occasioned by the recent ukase of the Anglican Chaplain General forbidding reservation in hospitals. We call it an admirable article in this sense that *mutatis mutandis* most of it might have appeared in a pastoral by one of our own Catholic bishops. Thus speaking of "devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament" and the unsympathetic attitude of the Anglican episcopate, the writer remarks:

We wonder what they (the bishops) really want. Are they satisfied with the devotion that is aroused, for instance, by the cold and uninspiring services of most of our cathedrals, and do they regard this as the ideal at which we must all aim? No doubt there are some who are perfectly content with it, but there must be many who are profoundly dissatisfied with the failure of this kind of Anglicanism either to convert sinners or to encourage devotion. At any rate, it is amazing that the churches where all devotion is discouraged, which are shut up during the whole week except for an hour or two on Sundays, should be unmolested; while those where there is a really lively devotion, where people do indeed come to pray, which poor widows and mothers visit in order to seek in the presence of their Lord comfort and strength in hours of crushing sorrow and bitter anxiety, should be selected for attack, and apparently for that very reason. Certainly we do not envy the responsibility of those who would interfere with this devotion.

All this is very true and very well put. It will come home to hundreds of earnest Anglicans with irresistible force. And what follows is not less profoundly convincing to those who have a knowledge of history and any sort of faith in a living Church:

It must not be forgotten that there is such a thing as the development of devotion. There may be room for a difference of opinion with regard to the legitimacy of a development of doctrine; there can be none with regard to the legitimacy of a development of devotion. Dr. Hort once contended that what he called "Jesus-worship" was practically unknown in the early centuries of the

Church, but this is no reason whatever why we should abandon it now. It is quite impossible to expect us to put back the hands of the clock and to go back to the devotions of the early Church, as though everything that has arisen since were *ipso facto* suspect, and as though the guidance of the Holy Spirit were now withdrawn. We can be no parties to the pedantry that would confine us to the devotions of, say, the first six centuries. Equally is it impossible to accept the Eastern Church as an infallible guide in everything. Its danger has precisely been stagnation owing to an unwillingness to develop.

We go with the writer, too, when he says that upon a matter of devotion "the instinct of the unlettered saint is quite as likely to be right as the reasoned judgment of the skilled theologian"; and all Catholic experience bears him out when he declares in conclusion that the fruits of this constant recourse to the Eucharistic presence are "a greater devotion to Catholic truth, an increased love of prayer, and a more perfect reliance upon the atonement of our Blessed Lord."

We speak without knowledge, but we shall probably not be doing any great violence to probabilities if we assume that the writer of the above is a clergyman. It does not matter whether this be so or not; there are in any case hundreds of beneficed ministers of the Church of England who notoriously share these views. Now what we find so bewildering is the fact that men who think this should conscientiously feel justified in making a solemn declaration, often more than once and at different epochs of their lifetime, that they "assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion" and "believe the doctrine therein set forth to be agreeable to the Word of God." What we have in mind more particularly are the terms of Articles XXV. and XXVIII., in the former of which, after speaking immediately before of "the two Sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord, that is to say Baptism and the Supper of the Lord," the Article goes on to declare:

The Sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them; and in such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome effect or operation.

As everyone who has the slightest acquaintance with mediæval history must know, these words "have reference to the procession of the Host and attendant ceremonies in the Latin Church especially on Corpus Christi day."¹ Of course it might

¹ So Maclean and Williams, *Introduction to the Articles* (1895), p. 306.

be urged that reservation within the Tabernacle for the purpose of private prayer is a different thing from Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and from the use of Eucharistic processions on Corpus Christi day or at other times, but when we know that these very practices are dear to so many of those who defend Reservation, it seems impossible to look upon such a line of defence as anything more than a subterfuge. And indeed it is not commonly resorted to, for in the last clause of Article XXVIII we have a pronouncement which is in some ways still more sweeping.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up or worshipped.

The High Church contention accordingly is, to use the words of Bishop Forbes, that "the Article does not say that the things spoken of may not be done, but that they were not *the* objects for which Christ ordained them." But surely such a declaration would be pointless if it were not intended to condemn the practices specified. No body of Christians, "Romanists" or others, contended that exposition, processions, or reservation, were *the* objects for which Christ our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament. To the plain man the evading or the wish to evade the obvious meaning of such declarations must always seem to be a "Jesuitical" subtlety—and the continual conflict between forms and practice must surely shake all belief in the divine character of an institution in which such mental and moral gymnastics are rendered necessary.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Government Failure in Ireland.

The sole result of what proved to be a half-hearted attempt of the Government to make Ireland contented has been to arouse more wide-spread discontent. This is commonly described as "throwing the country into the arms of the Sinn Feiners," a rhetorical phrase which conveys a wholly false impression. Sinn Fein in its strict sense—the project of creating an autonomous Irish republic—is dead, if ever it could be said to have lived; it was the dream of unpractical visionaries with no understanding of the lessons of history or sense of present realities. But if you give the name of Sinn Fein to a feeling that the Government—and the Nationalist Party in so far as they were acting with the Government—are not to be trusted, undoubtedly that feeling

has spread. It derives its impetus from the floundering of the Coalition in the matter of a settlement. No doubt, it was fear of wrecking the Government and so jeopardizing the issue of the war that forced Ministers to go back on the terms proposed to and accepted by the Irish leaders. Whether the policy proposed was a wise one or not may not be discussed here; it is certain that no one regarded it but as a *pis aller*, and that many Nationalists rejoiced at its defeat. But the people at large were persuaded that that defeat was due to the life-long enemies of Irish nationality, and were filled with resentment accordingly. They were astonished to find that, in spite of their hearty acceptance of the Empire's quarrel as their own, an influential section of their fellow subjects refused to recognize their separate nationality with its correlative right of self-government, and considered them merely as a subject province essentially disloyal and unworthy of trust. No subsequent action of the Government has done anything to remove this unhappy impression, and so recruiting in Ireland has naturally come to an end in spite of the sore need of fresh drafts for the Irish regiments, there is the appearance, at least, of slackened zeal amongst a Catholic people in the cause of Christian civilization, there is the promise of future trouble at the Peace Conference, a strong argument has been provided for those who preach a radical and persistent distrust of England—all deplorable effects of feeble and unintelligent statesmanship. The more convinced one is that the Allied cause represents, however imperfectly, the Christian ideal, the greater is one's regret that this domestic source of weakness should not have been healed.

**Hopes of
Union.**

Nevertheless, we do not think that sound opinion in Ireland has become in any sense pro-German on account of the failure of the Government to carry out its pledges. There is

undoubtedly a loss of the feeling of solidarity with the Empire due to the acute domestic unrest. And unhappily and perhaps inevitably an immense amount of energy needed for constructive work is being wasted in barren polemics amongst Irishmen, and that at the very time when everything that makes for unity should be fostered and emphasized. But with all this there is a marked abatement of that religious intransigence which has been the main obstacle to national harmony in the past. When an Irish Protestant Bishop openly declares that "I feel the days coming when we can all join hands and make a nation of this country; but, mark you, a united nation, a nation with such a big heart that she will be able to embrace men of all Churches and classes, North as well as South" ¹—we may assuredly hope that the days

¹ Bishop Plunket of Tuam to his Protestant Synod. Other Church of Ireland Bishops have spoken in the same strain.

are coming when a distracted, depopulated and impoverished country shall attain real peace and prosperity. Failing a statesman of sufficient power and wisdom to win the confidence of all discordant parties, the only sane course is surely not internecine conflict but calm discussion and constructive effort. So much all sections will admit save only those who find a vile profit in dissension, or who are blind to the Prussian menace.

**Delusion
in
Spain.**

Two remarkable articles in *The Times*¹ on the subject of pro-Germanism in Spain indicate to what an extent after two years of war certain neutrals remain ignorant of the char-

acter and progress of the conflict. In August we commented on the Manifesto addressed to Belgium by Spanish Catholics of light and leading, as showing that a proper appreciation of the great moral issues at stake had been attained by representative sections of educated Spaniards, but the experience of *The Times* correspondent proved that the ingrained prejudices of years, joined to the incessant propaganda of some 80,000 Germans domiciled in Spain, had shut out the bulk of the population from the truth. The belief is almost universal that Austria and Germany are upholding Christian ideals against Protestant England and Infidel France and Schismatic Russia, and as to the events of the war the Teutonic arms are thought to be everywhere successful. Strangest of all delusions the British Isles are supposed to be blockaded by the German Fleet: Lord Northcliffe's experience in being praised for his bravery in running that blockade to visit Spain and again in leaving Spain to return to the Zeppelin-swept ruins of London, has been exactly paralleled by that of others of our own acquaintance. Familiar as we are with the general course of events it does not strike us that others, who have not our news-service nor come daily into contact with returned soldiers from the various fronts, who moreover are supplied with "news" from Germany which their prepossessions make them only too ready to credit, are exposed without protection to the most grotesque misconceptions. Much more activity on the part of our Foreign News Bureau is clearly needed in order the truth may prevail.

**Reticence
and
Falsehood.**

There is a natural tendency in neutral nations to think that both belligerents lie freely in their accounts of their motives and exploits. Falsehood is supposed to be a lawful weapon in warfare. From deceiving the enemy, which is not blameworthy, to deceiving the onlooker may be reckoned but a short step. Now, we cannot deny that all Governments try to suppress the truth

¹ Sept. 12th and 13th.

when knowledge of it would prove detrimental to their interests: the censorship is openly established for that purpose. That is a legitimate exercise of power unless pushed to a tyrannous excess. If some information would advantage the enemy or depress the home population, or alienate neutrals, it is only prudent to conceal it, if possible. The full story, for instance, of the Irish rebellion has not yet appeared in print. But such concealment is quite a different thing to the positive dissemination of falsehood; which is what we accuse the enemy of doing. It is within the writer's knowledge that German prisoners have expected to be shot, having been told that such was the British custom, that others being informed that they were to be interned in England laughed incredulously—was not the German Fleet in possession of the Channel? Londoners at any rate know how false are the German accounts of the Zeppelin raids on that "fortress." From their own pages we learn that the German newspapers are filled with lying information about the state of affairs in England. We may not be able to gauge so well the truth of their communiqués from the field, but we can refute the legends which contradict our own experience. It is not claimed that all British official news is complete; and, doubtless, much is said in the press about Germany which is not true, for many irresponsible writers give rein to their imaginations, but we see no trace of that positive, wholesale, *official* dissemination of falsehood in which the German authorities indulge. In "The Truth about Lies," a moderate and discriminating article in the September *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Edwyn Bevan gives many instances of notorious fictions regarding war-happenings which were issued officially to the German press. No wonder that neutrals, fed on such information as this and unable to test or correct it, are under such misapprehensions about the fortunes of the Allies.

**German Catholics
and
the Truth.**

We have been blamed for stating or suggesting that the German Episcopate are ignorant of the true state of affairs, whether concerning the origins of the war or the method of conducting it. It is our duty to think so. The only alternative is to imagine that a learned and holy body of men consecrated to the service of Truth have deliberately and consciously adopted the immoral tactics of the German High Command. If German Catholics had the knowledge we possess they would condemn as we do the unscrupulous Prussian ambition that precipitated this war and the many flagrant acts of cruelty and injustice on their side that have stained its progress. There is only one standard of Christian morality, and to that all Catholics of whatever nation must bow. There is no use in running through the catalogue of Germany's crimes in this matter. From the initial outrage

against Belgium, the curse of which has rested on their arms ever since, and which has been re-enacted a thousand times during two years of pillage and oppression, to the scandalous deportation of the women and girls of Lille, her war-methods brand her as a Power which is resolved to stick at no enormity to accomplish her ends. But all these rankly immoral acts are represented to her subjects under such false aspects that they seem, however regrettable, to be justified. We had rather believe our German fellow-Catholics to be the victims of deceit than to be apostates from Christian morality.

**Treatment
of
Prisoners.**

It is possible to maintain the essential righteousness of the Allied cause, and the general humanity of their methods, without applauding all that is done in their name and the arguments of all their advocates. We can quite believe that many wrongful things, such as killing surrendered men, are done in the heat of conflict, or by way of reprisals. Our soldiers, even those who fought at Mons, are not angels, and sufficient testimony comes to hand that irreligion, sexual offences, and foul language are only too common amongst the fighting-men abroad and at home. It is the effect of war, generally speaking, to make the good better and the bad worse, whilst those who normally halt between the two will follow, when restraints are slackened, the line of least resistance. But we can honestly say that there has been no systematic maltreatment of prisoners amongst us on the West. An impartial American commission, after a long investigation of conditions in England, has given a highly satisfactory verdict on that point,¹ and, as far as we know, the same is the case in France. As regards Russia we have no information. Germany denounces her, but as the Germans have accused us of brutal conduct towards our prisoners we are sceptical regarding similar accusations brought by their Government against our Ally. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*,² under the title "Hell in Russia," gives a horrible account of barbarities said to be practised against German prisoners in Russia, which makes even the Wittenberg and Ruhleben atrocities seem comparatively mild. It would be well for those who have access to the facts to investigate these charges: it may be that the Russian bureaucracy is not yet purged of all undesirable elements, but any lapse from common morality on the part of subordinates should be at once repudiated and punished by higher authorities. The unity between the Allies must be not only political, military, and economic, but moral as well. A Christian ideal should be sought only by Christian methods.

¹ Reported in *The Times*, Sept. 14th.

² Quoted in *America*, Sept. 9th.

**"The World
is too much
with us."**

Although it may fairly be said that after two years of war the public conscience is still animated with the crusading spirit, the very continuance of the conflict seems to have lessened its chastening effect upon our lives. It is notoriously difficult to form moral estimates: the human conscience is hidden, human conduct may be variously interpreted, human knowledge is exceedingly limited. We can say that the war has stimulated self-sacrifice: it has also stimulated self-indulgence. Whether the balance inclines in favour of good or evil, only God can tell. But if there is any improvement in public morals, it is not very marked. Playwrights, actors, and novelists still appeal to human lust as openly as the Public Prosecutor will allow them, and much more openly than he should. The picture-palaces, for want of efficient censorship, continue to corrupt the morals of children. The social evil flaunts abroad unchecked, the wasteful consumption of strong drink has not been diminished, commercial frauds abound, Mammon is faithfully served. There has been little purifying of public life, little exhibition of national self-sacrifice, little apparent sense that God's favour is more helpful and more necessary than munitions. The lessons of the war can only be operative if people think, and think aright, and unless people are accustomed to think aright, a few months' vicarious suffering will hardly teach them. It is easy to indulge in indiscriminate hate, easy to paint all our foes with the same sable brush, easy to gloat over hecatombs of dead, easy to shut our eyes to the moral turpitude around us, easy to assume that, because we win, God must be pleased with us. All this can be done without taking much thought, and meanwhile the opportunity of setting our house in order is slipping by, and little preparation is being made for the imminent perils of peace.

**War
against
Vice.**

Yet, what the clergy of every denomination have been denouncing unheeded for years past—the indecency of music-hall and picture-paper

—has now become apparent to the thoughtless and indifferent multitude because a notable General has, in the interests of our armies, called public attention to it. Moralists will welcome the intervention of General Smith-Dorrien, who is in no sense going beyond his last in his vigorous condemnation: it is the business of every decent citizen to do what he can to destroy the sources of public corruption. We are only too thankful that one eminent man has had the courage to defy the prejudices of his class and has aimed a shrewd blow at that cynical man-of-the-world attitude towards questions of sexual morality which is so prevalent and so emphatically unchristian. The replies which the General's protest has evoked amount to this

—that some establishments are not so bad as others, which may very well be true, and that the public gets what the public wants. But the latter argument would justify gladiatorial shows; the public taste is not the ultimate criterion of morality, and, even though the vast majority should clamour for what was evil, no one would be justified in providing it. It is for the sake of the soldiers that the General makes his plea, asking that men who have been face to face with physical death should not be lured by those they have defended into risking the worse death of the soul. This is a fight in the conduct of which he need not envy the leaders in the field; if he overcomes the foes opposed to him—the strongly entrenched hosts of Mammon and Lust—it will be a finer victory than that he so greatly helped to win at the Marne.

**Bricks
without
Straw.**

A strenuous fighter in the same cause is the Anglican Bishop of London, who is busily engaged on the "National Mission" in his own diocese, and who does not despair of purify-

ing and sweetening its moral atmosphere. He maintains and rightly that the odious traffic in vice which disgraces some of our streets should be put down by law, and denounces the too great tolerance shown to writers of pornographic novels and plays. He might have added to his condemnation the cult of the semi-nude pursued by certain picture-papers, and the shameful studies of women *en déshabillé* that are becoming so prominent in picture-shops. The Bishop is rightly insistent on a change of mind and spirit as well, otherwise external restrictions are of little avail. And here comes in the handicap of the social reformer in this Protestant land. God to supplement the weakness of human nature has provided the support of Divine grace, and to make that grace accessible has instituted various sacramental rites to be its channels. But by the suppression of the old religion in the sixteenth century the bulk of English folk have been cut off from all but two of these channels. They are made Christians by Baptism if duly administered; they receive the sacramental grace of Matrimony if in proper dispositions; but for three centuries and more the other appointed sources of spiritual help have remained closed to them, and although God leaves no one without supernatural aid who needs and desires it, still the non-Catholic has to resist his spiritual foes less well-equipped than God meant him to be. The wonder is that the world, the flesh and the devil have not achieved here more wide-spread conquests.

**A Lead from
the States.**

Something has been done by the Circulating Libraries' Committee to prevent the spread of indecent literature, something may be done by the Cinema proprietors, stimulated by the Home Secretary, to stop the exhibition of objectionable films,

but so long as pruriency can be exploited and vice made profitable there will be found those unprincipled enough to trade in such things. It is at these agents of the devil that the law should aim, it is these that should be kept in check by the combined action of their business competitors. It is refreshing to meet a declaration like the following issued last June by the American Association of National Advertisers:

Resolved, That we members of the Association of National Advertisers are opposed to advertising of the following kinds:

All advertising that is fraudulent or questionable, whether financial, medical or any other: all advertising that is indecent, vulgar or suggestive either in theme or treatment, that is "blind" or ambiguous in wording and calculated to mislead; that makes false, unwarranted or exaggerated claims, that makes uncalled for reflections on competitors or competitive goods; that makes misleading free offers; all advertising to laymen of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs, all advertising that makes remedial relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference, that are not justified by facts or common experience; and any other advertising that may cause money loss to the reader, or injury in health or morals or loss of confidence in reputable advertising and honorable business.

Resolved, That we recognize our own obligations as advertisers to conform to these principles.

If any reader should tear from our popular magazines all advertisements which did not "conform to these principles," how few would be left!

**Immoral
Publications.**

It was not wise to invoke the law and seek to suppress as blasphemous a recent travesty of Christian origins by a decadent novelist: the only result was to give a gratuitous advertisement to a bad book. It is not the business of the criminal law to proscribe expressions of opinion in matters religious unless such expression is likely to provoke breaches of public order and decency. A more regrettable thing than the appearance of the book itself—its author's name is sufficient warning to all decent people to avoid it—is the tone in which it has been reviewed by the leading secular journals. *The Tablet*¹ rightly takes to task *The Times* reviewer, who is at pains to reassure the "orthodox" that there is nothing in the volume to offend them. But others, such as the *Saturday Review* and the *Westminster Gazette*, might

Sept. 22nd.

just as fairly have been set in the pillory. They are all afraid to take the Christian standpoint, all afraid to condemn the uneducated views of a religious sciolist, lest forsooth they should be thought unappreciative of literary art. They owe what measure of civilization they possess to Christianity, yet they are all afraid to say a word for Christ.

But the law which need not take heed of those who devise vain things against the Lord and against His Christ, is sadly neglectful of its duty when it allows practices subversive of public morality to be openly advocated. Our contemporary *America* (July 1, 1916) holds up to justifiable reprobation a filthy book, published in New York by a respectable English firm, advocating complete freedom in gratifying even unnatural lust, and crowning its iniquity by recommending that the young of both sexes should be taught "frankly and fully the means of controlling reproduction." The law apparently cannot touch such literature, any more than the publications of the neo-Malthusians in our midst. Yet the general acceptance of such teaching would be the dissolution of social life.

**The Wish to
Make-believe.**

The same absence of principle which thus operates for the destruction of morality is at work also in what is supposed to be the domain of pure and rigid science. By dint of ceaseless repetition the unproven hypothesis of Darwinism is assumed

as an indubitable fact in the many manuals of "science" issued from the press. Almost alone Catholic scholars continue to demand evidence and to deprecate mere assumption. The late Father Gerard pricked many an airy bubble blown by Haeckel and the little tribe of English rationalists who have imbibed his prejudices but are innocent of his learning. Sir Bertram Windle here, Dr. James Walsh in America, and others are carrying on the good work, and in the interests of science itself keep protesting against the absurdities committed in its name. Yet in spite of all exposures our old friend, the Piltdown skull,¹ is brought out again by Professor Boyd Dawkins in the July *Edinburgh Review* as a decisive proof of an intermediate form between man and ape—the much desired "missing-link." The disconcerting thing about these popularisations of science is their one-sidedness, their ignoring of awkward difficulties and of contradictory opinions. The conclusions drawn from the Piltdown skull provides a notorious case. Its claim to represent the "dawn-man" is wholly unproven, and in fact many eminent scientific men have already denied any except local connection between

¹ See "The Men of the Old Stone Age," by Lewis Watt, THE MONTH, Nov. 1913, and "Twentieth Century 'Science'" in the *Catholic Mind* for June 8, 1916, for a full discussion of the question.

the various fragments on the re-union and restoration of which so much is built. Some maintain that all the fragments are human, some that the jaw and tooth alone are simian and much older than the others: whilst, therefore, so much is uncertain and disputed the skull must go the way of all other "missing links" and add to the number of scientific myths which an irreligious age is accumulating. In the case of the pseudo-scientist, as Mr. Chesterton would say, the wish to believe speedily degenerates into the wish to make-believe.

**Denunciation of
Indiscriminate
Reprisals.**

The recent protest of the International Red Cross Committee on the subject of reprisals on prisoners of war is very necessary. Of all members of a belligerent State, prisoners are entitled to the most scrupulously fair treatment. The object of war being to impose your will upon your adversary, that object is then only fully accomplished when your adversary lays down his arms and surrenders his person. After that submission, apart from the consideration of "war-crimes," no further act of aggressive warfare against such prisoners is morally justifiable. So to seek to put pressure on your enemy by ill-treating those of his members whom you hold in your power is, as the Committee rightly point out, a barbarous and unchristian policy.

To this appeal¹ the British Government has sent a satisfactory reply, stating that throughout the period of hostilities it has "discountenanced that policy on account of its indiscriminating and unjust operation." At the same time it points out that the demand for reprisals grows in volume and urgency with the recurrence of abuses, and that the surest means of avoiding reprisals is to promote the abandonment of the policy which inspires them.

**Two
Amendes.**

In the August number of the *Catholic World* the editor, courteously but quite effectively, dispels a doubt hazarded by the present writer² regarding the complete accord of the late Father Hecker's doctrine on the origin of civil authority with that of the Church. We frankly own that, if we had known Father Hecker's writings better, we should never have suspected him even for a moment to have leant to the side of Rousseau in this matter. Even the phrase cited with hesitation—"All political authority in individuals is justly said to be derived, under God, from the consent of the collective people who are governed. The people, under God, associated in a body politic are the source of the Sovereign political power in the civil State"—is sufficiently

¹ See *Times* report, Sept. 1, 1916.

² In *The Dublin Review*, April, 1916.

orthodox as it stands and appears still more clearly so in its context. Father Burke adds further valuable testimony from Father Hecker's other writings which conclusively prove him to be a staunch and eloquent upholder of the Catholic teaching in favour of civil liberty and against State absolutism. In view of the fact that Rousseauism has coloured the speculations of some of our Catholic writers, it is of great importance that the orthodoxy of Father Hecker, ardent democrat as he was, should be fully and universally recognized.

Another matter of somewhat smaller concern demands a word of explanation. Exception was taken in these "Topics" for July to a statement which the Rev. R. J. Campbell was reported to have put into the mouth of a "Jesuit priest" to the effect that eternal punishment is not an article of faith. Mr. Campbell's editor has since written to point out that the saying was not correctly reported in the Magazine article in which it appeared, and that the gist of the Jesuit's remark was, as we surmised it might have been, that the eternal damnation of *any individual* is not an article of faith. Mr. Campbell's forthcoming "Apologia" will doubtless make his views on this and other points abundantly clear.

**Verse
and
Vanity.** Readers of Mr. Britten's article on "Impossible Poets" in our July issue must have been struck by an instance quoted there of that peculiar self-conceit which in some cases forms

part of the equipment of the very minor poet. Mr. Macartney, the poet in question, does not hesitate to assert, regarding one of his efforts, "with little fear of contradiction, that no poem of equal length so perfect in metre has ever been issued from the press of this, or, perhaps, any other country." A curious parallel to this state of mind occurs in the *Athenæum* for July, wherein a versifier, stung by the lash of an unappreciative critic, is moved to protest against an opinion for which he has "no feeling but contempt," whilst incidentally claiming that the discredited poem is "a work which contains the only great poetry written in English since Swinburne." Concerning another work of his he informs the *Athenæum* that he recited it to three meetings, and "on each occasion I told the people that of its kind no greater poetry had ever been written by any man in any language—a claim they endorsed by acclamation."

Surely, from a breast so protected with *aes multiplex*, the shafts even of the *Athenæum* should have rebounded harmlessly.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Church, Theories of the [H. E. Hall, M.A., in *Catholic Review*, July—Sept., 1916, p. 129, in refutation and exposure of Mr. Athelstan Riley].

Cremation Catholic objections to [L. W. Keeler, S.J., in *Fortnightly Review* (St. Louis), Sept. 1, 1916, p. 262].

Divorce not sanctioned by Anglo-Saxon Church [Tablet, Sept. 16, 1916, against S. Leathley's *History of Marriage and Divorce*].

Extreme Unction: Primary effects of [Rev. F. Tecklenburg in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Sept. 1916, p. 291].

Kant: essentially anti-religious influence of [Dr. E. T. Shanahan in *Catholic World*, August, 1916, p. 664].

Reprisals, The lawful scope of [John Ayscough in *Universe*, Sept. 29, 1916].

Wage-Justice, The Problem of Complete [J. A. Ryan, S.T.D., in *Catholic World*, August, 1916, p. 623].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Catholic Education, Masonic campaign against, in France and elsewhere [J. Giraud, quoted in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Sept. 15, 1916, p. 537].

Catholicism and Protestantism in Germany [M. Georges Goyau in *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, August 15, 1916].

Charity towards the Poor, How injured by the Reformation [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, Sept. 1916, p. 721].

Conscience, M. Boutroux on Liberty of [E. Cornut in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Sept. 15, 1916, p. 528].

Protestant Unbelief [W. Dunn, S.J., on the New York Presbytery in *Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept. 1916, p. 318].

Times Reviewer, A, and George Moore's anti-Christian novel [Tablet, Sept. 23, 1916, p. 394].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Armenians, The [Dr. A. Fortescue in *Studies*, Sept. 1916, p. 351].

Central Verein in U.S.A. [J. Husslein, S.J., in *America*, Sept. 2, 1916, p. 505].

French Clergy and the War [Charles Baussan in *Catholic World*, Sept. 1916, p. 733].

Missionary Society, Jubilee of St. Joseph's, Mill Hill, by Rev. T. A. Sullivan [*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept. 1916, p. 233].

National Service [Joseph Thorp in *Athenaeum*, Sept. 1916, p. 407].

Pope, The, and the War; Card. Gasparri's interview [*Revue du Clergé Français*, Sept. 15, 1916, p. 533]. Benedict XV. and the War (continued) [L. Glorieux in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Sept. 1, 1916, p. 401]. *Civiltà Cattolica*, Sept. 2, 1916, p. 519.

Race-Suicide [Fr. B. Vaughan in *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1916, p. 586; H. Thurston in *Month*, August, 1916, p. 151].

Rumania, Catholicism in [Tablet, Sept. 23, 1916, p. 393].

REVIEWS

I—ADVENTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN SOUL¹

THIS is one of the numerous books which are at present appearing, the purpose of which is to discuss the prevailing belief in Protestant and Modernist circles, that the true way to find God is by investigating the data of what is called religious experience. "I have had," says Mr. K. J. Saunders, in his introductory chapter, "opportunity in seven years' Mission work in schools and colleges of testing the views here propounded, and am convinced that the main thesis of this book is true—that there is deep-seated at the heart of all the worthiest types of religious experience a sane, yet passionate love, and that only if this love has an Object who is real and worthy and responds to it can its wonderful fruits be accounted for. Judged by the pragmatic test, religious experience is amply vindicated from the charge of subjectivism, it is, as Eucken says, 'grounded on the life-process itself.'" Accordingly the author's object in the present little volume is "to relate these adventures of the Christian soul to biological and physiological processes in the more ordinary but not more natural affairs of every-day life." In his first chapter he discusses the nature of subconscious thinking. We do not like the name, accepted though it is at the present time. We should prefer to distinguish as the scholastics do between spontaneous and reflex thinking, spontaneous thinking that goes on within us, continually taking the forms of intuition of judgment and of inference or reasoning by turns, and reflex thinking which signifies that by a conscious effort we reflect on our various mental processes, and thus are able to guide their course more effectually. But given this change of terminology, or accepting the term "subconscious" as intended to describe what older and surer psychologists have called spontaneous thinking, we can readily acknowledge that our modern investigators of the subconscious, and Mr. K. J. Saunders in particular, in the

¹ *Adventures of the Christian Soul.* Being chapters in the Psychology of Religion. By K. T. Saunders. With a Preface by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. Cambridge: University Press. Pp. xiii, 145. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

present volume have made a good many true and useful observations, especially on the passage backwards and forwards from the focal to the marginal and subliminal system, and on the explanation, partial indeed but still helpful, of the phenomena of trances, ecstasies, and hypnotic states, as well as of the nature of that "great 'feeling-background' of consciousness in which . . . religion has its deepest roots."

In the chapters that follow, the author strives to trace the unfolding and growth of the religious instinct in small children, in adolescents, and in adults under the influence of "conversion"—a phase of psychological emotion to which he devotes special attention, relying largely on the cases collected and the analysis made by Dr. Starbruck, Professor William James, the Rev. S. McComb, Professor Coe, Dr. Warneck, and others. We cannot approve the extent of his trust in these various authorities, but the data they supply are valuable materials for the investigator and the theorizer. In chapter vii. he comes to the question of Christian Mysticism. "The Mystics," he says, "are a great company whom no man can number; they belong to all ages and to every religion, and it would not be difficult to supply parallels from Hindu writers to the great sayings of the Christian seers with whom we have to do. For it is here, in the utterances of the rapt soul of the Mystic, that a religion reaches its highest flight, and inasmuch as all religions are in one aspect the effort of the soul of man to mount up into the presence of the Eternal, we shall expect to find the great religions drawing near to one another in their greatest exponents."

A concluding chapter on Prayer and Meditation is very hazy, and in regard to it as in regard to what is said of Mysticism one cannot but be surprised that it finds no essential distinction between the prayer of the Christian and the prayer of the Buddhist who has no belief in God.

But the fundamental criticism to which this book, like all others which treat of religious experience from the same point of view, is open is that it ascribes to man an immediate intuition of the existence and chief attributes of God for which there is no sufficient warrant. Curiously in his Preface to the book Dean Inge makes a criticism equivalent to this. The author, as we have seen, claims that "judged by the pragmatic test religious experience is amply vindicated from the

charge of mere subjectivism." The Dean, on the other hand, in his Preface says:

It is certainly a great thing to have established that religion is natural to the healthy mind, from childhood onwards; that the doctrine of conversion is based on genuine psychical changes which are frequently observed to take place during adolescence; and that a mystical vision is not a morbid hallucination but a normal concomitant, in minds which belong to a certain type, of the devotional and ascetic life. But psychology can only prove that the religious experience has its place in the healthy mind; it cannot establish the objective truth of religion. The wise psychologist recognizes this limit, and makes no attempt to cross it.

By this last clause the Dean implies that he thinks that, though not by Psychology, the limit can be crossed. His belief is that it can be and is crossed by the mystic through his specific mode of vision. But this also is excessive. The ordinary way of crossing the limit for mystics of this class, as well as for psychologists, is by the exercise of the discursive intellect on the phenomena presented by the face of the universe, as the writer of the Book of Wisdom lays down.

2—TO EDUCATE THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE¹

THE need which the "National Council of Public Morals" and the "National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases" exist to supply is so immediate and important that both bodies have determined to lose no time in the educating of public opinion by means of literature, written so as to be readily understood and priced so as to be widely diffused. The first fruits of the energy of the former Council are two booklets, on Venereal Disease and Infant Mortality respectively. Dr. Mary Scharlieb, in *The Hidden Scourge*, writes frankly yet soberly on her unpleasant subject, the disastrous physical consequences, which originate from offences against purity, yet affect not only the guilty but large numbers of the innocent as well. As in the case of every action of the

¹ National Life Series. *The Hidden Scourge*, by Mary Scharlieb, M.S., M.D. *Cradles or Coffins?* By James Marchant, F.R.S. London. C. A. Pearson. Pp. 96. Price, 1s. net each. *Synopsis of the Final Report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases*. By Douglas White, M.D. London. Published by the N.C.C.V.D. Pp. 80. Price, 1s. net.

individual which has marked and inevitable social results, the attempts of society to protect itself from this scourge involve many questions of morality—the range of personal freedom, the distinction between crime and sin, the toleration of evil, the limits of the civil authority—but these questions are for the most part out of Dr. Scharlieb's scope. What she aims at is the exposure of a secret source of grave social danger, which, if and so long as it was allowed to remain secret, could not be effectively prevented or remedied. Thus she hopes to awaken in delinquents deaf to the voice of conscience some sense of responsibility for their conduct, and in the general public a determination not to allow the self-indulgence of the sinner to bring disaster to the nation as a whole. The sad fact is that public opinion at present too easily condones sexual sins. Literature and the drama are allowed to parade them, not in order to condemn them, but for the delight of depraved tastes. Legislation is necessary to restrain the ignorant and the unprincipled, but legislation can effect little unless backed by public opinion. And legislation in any case must walk warily where this question is concerned. As in dealing with the evil of intemperance, so in this, terrible mistakes have been made by the State. Dr. Scharlieb rightly denounces the C. D. Acts of 1864, 1866, and 1869, as failing in their intended aim and practically legalizing immorality. On the other hand, this "regulation" of vice, on certain assumptions once universally accepted, had something to say for itself. It is by regulation, for instance, that the State makes head against the evils of intemperance, drug-taking, and the like. If vice cannot be wholly eradicated, it is something to be able to limit its range and check the harm it causes. The C. D. Acts which have had their legislative parallel all through human history, were wrong because they assumed that traffic in sexual vice could not be really checked by penal legislation, because they forgot that they were dealing with human beings with certain inalienable rights, and because they encouraged sin by actually pretending to guarantee immunity from its physical consequences.

The difficulty which the present movement has to overcome is, not only the opposition of the libertine, but also the uneasy feeling in the hearts of the good that this campaign against

disease will have precisely the same effect as the C. D. Acts, that by multiplying opportunities for remedial treatment and indicating methods of prophylaxis a renewed impulse will be given to unlawful self-indulgence. If the movement as a whole confined itself to the material side, that undoubtedly might be the result. But the National Council of Public Morals has for declared object "The Regeneration of the Race—Spiritual, Moral, Physical," whilst the other body, though mainly concerned with eliminating disease, insists emphatically that "instruction [with a view to promoting self-control] should be based upon moral principles and spiritual considerations, and should by no means be concentrated on the physical consequences of immoral conduct."¹

It is one of the first duties of the State to safeguard the health of the community, even though the danger springs from the misdeeds of some of their number. The medical profession exists for the express purpose of suppressing disease or lessening its incidence, whatever be its cause. Death, and incidentally all that leads to it, rank undoubtedly amongst the penalties of sin, but its main sanction lies in the judgments of God. There are many grievous sins which have no physical sanctions at all. Consequently, although the wicked and unscrupulous may possibly rejoice at the elimination or lessening of these particular diseases, the object of the State and the medical profession is good and indeed highly expedient. Dr. Scharlieb's book will do much to win public support. In one point, indeed, she is opposed to Catholic teaching, and that concerns the question of divorce. Unless the Church, which alone has jurisdiction in the matter of the Sacraments, makes the presence of contagious disease of this nature a diriment impediment to matrimony, Catholics can never approve of nullity being declared on such grounds, still less of divorce being granted on plea of cruelty, should either party be infected by the other.

In *Cradles or Coffins?* Mr. James Marchant collects together and presents in striking fashion the facts and statistics regarding the declining Birth-Rate. It is a question the social and moral aspects of which have lately been fully discussed in our columns by Father Thurston,² so our readers will appreciate its significance. What Mr. Marchant does in this little book is practically to put within reach of the public the findings

¹ See § 219 of Royal Commission's Report; also §§ 220-226.

² See *THE MONTH* for August: "Our Declining Birth-Rate."

of the Royal Commission on the Birth-Rate, and to point the moral, which he does most effectively. Whilst recognizing his moral earnestness, however, the Catholic will regret a certain haziness of teaching in regard to restriction of birth. Mr. Marchant implies, if he does not exactly state, that there are forms of artificial "birth-control" which are not immoral, and would only condemn what is merely the outcome of selfishness or what is injurious to health. Catholic teaching condemns contraceptives of whatever kind as intrinsically sinful and therefore in all circumstances unlawful. This attitude results, no doubt, in occasional "hard cases," but the common welfare must be safe-guarded even though individuals suffer. It is precisely because non-Catholic teaching admits exceptions that the sin is so deplorably wide-spread.

3—THE SI-NGAN-FOU MONUMENT¹

WHILE heartily recognizing the value of the present work as a contribution to scholarship, we cannot refrain from expressing a certain regret to see that it is published under the imprint, if not entirely at the charges, of the S.P.C.K. Are we to assume that the Society, which on so many accounts is worthy of respect, is prepared to hold out hands of fellowship to the disciples of New Thought and to those who like the Mrs. E. A. Gordon, who has taken an active part in the preparation of this volume (see pp. ix. 118, 138, &c.), profess to find in the Mahayana Buddhism a purer form of Christianity? Certainly the book deserved to meet with a publisher, but we should have been less surprised to find the Rationalist Press Association identified with it than the S.P.C.K. But now-a-days when all dogmatic distinctions are in the melting-pot, Anglican comprehensiveness has grown so elastic that it would hardly astonish us to hear of the amalgamation of the S.P.C.K. itself with Mrs. Besant's wonderful Order of the Star of the East. However, as far as the book before us is concerned, we would gladly believe that Professor P. V. Saeki, the author, who seems only anxious to speak well of all Christian denominations, has no thought of making his work the vehicle of any sort of religious propa-

¹ *The Nestorian Monument in China.* By P. V. Saeki. London : S.P.C.K. Pp. xii—342. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1916.

ganda. *The Nestorian Monument in China* is of course concerned with the famous eighth century inscription which some few years back was dealt with at length in these pages (see THE MONTH, of Oct. and Nov. 1912). After quite a bewildering variety of prefaces from standpoints as diverse as those of Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, Professor Sayce, and the author himself, we have a lengthy Introduction of 160 pages, which coming from a Japanese scholar well versed in Chinese and Buddhist lore, contains a great deal of historical and philological information not readily to be met with elsewhere. Professor Saeki also provides a copy of both the Chinese and Syriac text, with specimens in facsimile, an entirely new translation, and an elaborate apparatus of notes. Considering the scale upon which the work is conceived, the bibliography (pp. 321, 322) might with advantage have been made a good deal fuller. Even in Cabrol's *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie*, Dom Leclercq provides more abundant references, though this article also leaves a good many *lacunæ*. What we especially regret is that while such a work is mentioned as Hammond's *Liturgies, Eastern and Western*, which has nothing in the wide world to do with the Chinese inscription, the writings of MM. Pelliot and Chavannes, which provide the most valuable materials for elucidating the whole subject, are either ignored or for the most part alluded to without an exact reference. There are, as we are not surprised to find, many points in which Professor Saeki dissents from the views held by previous interpreters, almost all of them Europeans, neither do we doubt that in some of these cases his objections will be upheld by the sinologists of future generations, none the less we cannot help suspecting, especially when we study his commentary in relation to that of so sound a Chinese scholar as Père Havret, that the Professor has been swayed in his conclusions by a distinct *parti pris* in favour of that Mahayana Buddhism to which we have already referred. The work is excellently printed and got up, and we do not for one moment mean to suggest a doubt, by any criticisms we have made, that Professor Saeki has provided a commentary which will be of great permanent value for the interpretation of this difficult and most important monument. What we do doubt is that a Christianity as amorphous as that which this book seems to make for, is worth the vast expenditure represented by such organizations as the S.P.G. or the S.P.C.K.

SHORT NOTICES

APOLOGETIC.

PERE COMPAING, S.J., has given us in **Notre Foi** (Paris : Beauchesne, price, 2.75 francs) a very useful little handbook of fundamental apologetics. Dividing his subject into two parts, theoretical and practical, Père Compaing defines clearly the nature and the object of Faith, its relation to reason, and its psychological action, and then proceeds to discuss practical questions touching on the conversion of unbelievers, the restoration of non-practising Catholics, and the like. This little book is eminently practical, direct and luminous, and should prove specially useful in these days when there is happily so wide-spread a desire after solid and satisfying religious Faith.

To rather a different audience Père Henry de Pully appeals in his tractate **L'Ame Existe** (Paris : Beauchesne, price, 2.25 francs)—“aux épouses et aux mères qui pleurent.” As practical as Père Compaing's work, it is directed rather towards consolation and edification than argument, and lifts the reader's mind from the transitory to the eternal, from the haunting horrors of the field of battle to that which alone can give them meaning—the free sacrifice of a free, rational and loving personality, giving itself for others, yet only to find for itself a fuller life.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Editor of the *Règne de Jésus par Marie*, M. l'Abbé J.-M. Texier, has developed the teachings of Blessed Grignon de Montfort on devotion to Mary in a thoughtful little volume **A Jésus par Marie** (Téqui : 1.50 fr.). An old spiritual classic—**Jésus en Croix ou la Science du Crucifix** (Téqui : 1.00 fr.) composed originally by Père Pierre Maric, S.J., in 1641, and re-edited in 1783 by the well-known spiritual writer, Father Nicholas Grou, and finally in 1867 by another Jesuit, Père A. Cadrés, makes its appearance once again in 1916 in a handy format. It is composed of short and pithy meditations on the theme, *Christo confixus sum cruci*.

Messrs. Washbourne send us yet a further addition to their half-a-crown devotional series, of which we have already commended several volumes—Miss Fiona McKay's **Voices of the Valley**, a series of selections from the writings of Saints and holy persons, arranged according to the order of their spiritual subjects. The selections range from the Fathers to writers of our own day, and have the advantage of being each of fairly substantial length. The volume is the work of one who has a real concern in the deeper things of the spiritual life, and is manifestly intended for readers of the same kind. But as its title, and the prefatory lines quoted from Mr. Lionel Johnson indicate, it appeals specially to those who have still the major part of the Spiritual Ascent before them. To all such it will prove at once an edifying and an enheartening gift.

Many are the admirers of that famous religious Foundress, the **Comtesse de Bounault d' Houtet**, and to all such the excellent compilation of **Maxims** from her life, just issued by Messrs. Longmans at 1s. 3d. net, will prove a very welcome gift. We owe it no doubt to one of her spiritual children in the Society of the Faithful Companions, who has undoubtedly performed the task of filial piety with careful competence. We presume

that the somewhat gorgeous Coat on the cover of the volume is that of Madame herself—at any rate it is one of interest to amateurs of heraldry.

The Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois, sends us a volume of abridged lives of famous missionary-martyrs of our own time by the Rev. H. Wegener, S.V.D., entitled **Heroes of the Mission Field**. It consists of sketches, written with great fervour, of the life and work of the Ven. Laurence Imbert, the Ven. Gabriel Perboyre, and some ten other modern Heroes of the Cross, who laid down their lives for the Faith in Oceania and the far East. The book is published at the price—moderate for its size—of fifty cents.

POETRY.

Father Charles O'Donnell, of the great Catholic University of Notre Dame and of the Religious Order that has so long and with such distinction carried on that organization, has gathered together some of the fruits of his leisure in a little volume of poems entitled **The Dead Musician** (New York : L. J. Gomme, price 1 dollar). The verses, reprinted from various magazines, religious and secular, are of wide scope and variety, and include two sections of special note—"Dreams of Donegal," authentically Irish, with something in them of the sadness of exile, and also something of its fierceness, and a series of "Quatrains" in the manner of Father Tabb, many of them as clear-cut as those more famous short poems, and animated by the same spirit of deep devotion.

FICTION.

Our readers doubtless already know Mrs. W. C. Maude's work in the sphere of historical fiction—work excellent of its kind in the following of Monsignor Benson. They will greatly enjoy her latest book, **The Hermit and the King** (Washbourne : price, 2s. 6d.), which is even more manifestly based on the same model, and, indeed, is described in the sub-title "a fulfilment of Monsignor Benson's 'Prophecy of Richard Raynal'." The present writer has always thought *Richard Raynal* Mgr. Benson's best piece of work, and is therefore perhaps predisposed to make the same favourable estimate of *The Hermit and the King*. But the latter work is well able to stand on its own merits, as a deeply-felt and engagingly written little essay rather in imaginative psychological reconstruction than in what is commonly known as historical fiction. We class it not only with *Richard Raynal* but also with *The Solitaires of the Sambuca*.

Much more in the full-blooded style of ordinary historical fiction is Mr. Gerard A. Reynold's **The Red Circle** (Burns and Oates : price, 3s. 6d. net), a story of Christian martyrdom in the "Boxer" rising of 1900, as exciting as any "shilling-shocker," yet throughout dignified by good taste and elevated by the lofty themes it unfolds. The tale is extremely well written, and while it is very strongly indeed a story with a purpose, it nowhere pushes the controversial note unduly. The good Protestant medical missionary is as sympathetically drawn as the martyred Père Gratien himself.

Little Donald (Washbourne : 2s. 6d.) by Mrs. Innes-Browne, tells of the loss and final recovery of a young Scotch laird in a pleasing, if somewhat conventional style. A much more elaborate story in a skilful historical setting—the West of Ireland under the greatest rigour of the Penal Laws—is Rosa Mulholland's **O'Leghlin of Clare** (Sands : 3s. 6d. net). Here we have a faithful picture not only of the natural beauties of that wild region,

but of the trials of every sort to which the profession of the true religion then exposed its adherents,—a picture which throws some light on Irish conditions even to-day.

The Californian surroundings of Mrs. Mary Mannix's earlier stories are repeated in **The Old Camping Ground** (Benziger: 85 c.) an edifying tale for children, dealing with Indian missionary work on the Mexican border.

Messrs. Gill and Son have been the means of introducing to the public several clerical *raconteurs* during the last few years. Their latest, apparently, is the Rev. Mark O'Byrne, the author of a collection of topical tales called **Thunder an' Turf** (price, 1s. net). They deal in a kindly yet sometimes satirical fashion with some of the whimsicalities of Irish life. The Rev. author, writing wittily of what he knows, has produced in these little sketches a very entertaining volume.

WAR BOOKS.

We are glad to see that the reprint, in pamphlet form, of M. Paul Dudon's important article in *Etudes* last autumn, **La Syrie à la France** (Paris: Lethielleux, price, 50 centimes), has reached a second edition. It is all to the good that the case of our French allies in an important post-war question, should be so clearly and ably set before the world. Moreover, M. Dudon's account of Syria as it is to-day, and his cursory glance at its history are as interesting as they are informing. The historical section is of course a strongly French pronouncement, but there is nothing in it to which we for our part would wish to take grave exception. M. Dudon, of course, claims for France "Syria and the whole of Syria," from the Taurus to the Egyptian frontier. To ourselves, as to Dr. Barry in his article on Turkey in the current *Dublin Review*, the claim seems not unreasonable. Happily, since M. Dudon's article was written, events seem to be proceeding more rapidly towards a position in which the question will become a practical one.

M. Claude Mancey, the well-known story-writer, has produced two quite charming little books motived by the war, **Un Coin de Province à l'avant**, and **Un Coin de Province à l'arrière** (Paris: Lethielleux, price, 1.25 francs each). The former tells the story of a little boy-hero of ten years in one of the invaded provinces of France, and the tale of his adventures, his sufferings, and his heroic deeds is as thrilling as the manner of its telling is intimate and touching. The second volume is of a different type—*lettres de Yoyo à son soldat*, Yoyo being one of the many little girls of France who as "marraines" adopt some soldier at the front as their friend and make him the object of the little deeds of kindness their self-sacrifice can devise. The letters are doubly pathetic in that Yoyo has to comfort herself as well as her soldier—for her own father is among the fallen. The simple piety of the letters is not their least attractive characteristic.

M. Georges Blondel handles a subject of grave import for the future of France in his **La Guerre et la Problème de la Population** (Paris: Lethielleux, price, 60 centimes). After examining the very serious facts of the depopulation of France, and discussing their causes, M. Blondel insists on the need of vigorous efforts to counteract the evil, if victory in the field is to be followed by corresponding national prosperity. We wish every success to the good work of "La Plus Grande Famille"—the League under whose auspices M. Blondel's pamphlet is issued.

The eloquent Belgian Jesuit, Père Hénusse, who when he came to

London the other day was heralded as "the Bernard Vaughan of Belgium," has republished his sermon preached at the Madeleine lately on King Albert's birthday. **Le Royaume de Dieu** (Paris : Lethielleux, price, 1 franc) is the title he chooses, and the sermon is in effect an exposition of the meaning and lesson of a now famous newspaper-cartoon—that in which the German Emperor addresses the Belgian King : "I told you so ; now you have lost everything," only to receive the answer : "Not my soul."

The Abbé Bretonneau, well-known in Catholic journalism in France, has put together a volume of great interest in **L'Apostolat de la Jeunesse pendant l'Année de la Guerre** (Paris : Téqui, price, 2 francs). War experience of all kinds, at the front, in the invaded provinces, and in air-raid districts, of France and her Allies alike, provide the Abbé with copious anecdotes, from each of which he draws some suitable moral. The language of the writer in regard to Germany is naturally, but not improperly, full-blooded, yet there is nothing—as there has been in some war-books we have noticed—that can offend Christian charity or propriety. Some of the most popular poems the war has evoked in France are included in the volume.

The ninth of the "Mary's Meadow Series" of Mr. and Mrs. Armel O'Connor is devoted to the war, and is happily entitled **Peace-Makers** (Methuen and Co. : price, 1s. net). For the message of the authors is a message of Peace within, though war rage all round. For them, peace means no "Stop the war" disloyalty. "There's work to be done, and the righting of terrible wrongs." But it does mean that in duty, self-sacrifice, and pain, true peace may be hid. Such is the recurring theme of Mrs. O'Connor's short essays and stories and Mr. O'Connor's verses. Mr. John Oxenham, whose friendships with Catholic authors seem happily to be growing apace, contributes a Preface in verse, of the same truly Christian and Catholic spirit.

We may note in the same connection that Mrs. Armel O'Connor has just brought out a second edition of **The Idea of Mary's Meadow**, with photographic illustrations, and an Introduction by C. C. Martindale, S.J. It can be obtained from the author, Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, 5s. 4d. post free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have received three Anglican devotional works with whose objects and tone we are in the most complete sympathy, however defective we may inevitably feel the authors' efforts to be. In **The National Mission** (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge : price 1s. 6d.), the Rev. Marcell Conran of the Cowley Society, propounds in connection with that forthcoming movement a method of public devotion consisting of reiterated invocations of the Blessed Name of our Lord in connection with Fifteen Mysteries of His Sacred Life. It is manifestly an attempt to meet a need analogous to that which Catholics find fulfilled in the Rosary, and as such we wish it all success in so far as it is an attempt to spread fervour in prayer—and all failure in so far as it is, or if it is, a counter-stroke to the growing use of the Rosary among certain Anglicans. Dr. Pusey once said to a person who consulted him about "Roman difficulties": "Do you say the Hail Mary?" "Yes," was the reply, "Ah," said the Doctor, "that is a bad sign. I have generally found it fatal."

The second work is by Dr. McNeile, Dean of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge,

and is entitled **Self-Training in Prayer** (Cambridge, Heffer and Sons ; price 1s. 3d.net). It is an excellent little volume in which prayer is viewed in the only right way, as an unified whole, in which the different methods, vocal, liturgical, mental, and the different spheres, petition, acts, simple adoration, are but parts incomplete in themselves. But we do not think that Dr. McNeile is historically right in supposing a certain "corporateness of contemplation" to be part of the ascetical tradition. In the desert the life was eremitical, and in the cloister contemplation is of the cell not of the choir, ordinarily. Doubtless, as Father Baker points out in *Sancta Sophia*, there is a high (and perhaps a rare) stage of union in which the performance of external functions can coincide with an unbroken contemplative act. But in this case the external functions go on, and are not superseded, as Dr. McNeile imagines, by some sort of "Fellowship of Silence." Indeed such a thing is manifestly impossible ; for you cannot regimentate corporately such entirely interior things, and graces so entirely unmerited as the activities of contemplative union.

Finally, **Death and Life** (H. J. Allenson : price 2s. 6d. net), is a series of imaginary "letters from the correspondence of a parish priest"—manifestly a priest only in the High Anglican sense—written to a large extent with the laudable object of dissuading certain of his friends from prying illegitimately into the concerns of the other world by means of clairvoyance, spiritualism, and the like. There is a good deal else in the volume, about death, sin, repentance, and the life beyond the grave, that is manifestly the outcome of a deep and disinterested desire to help souls and to glorify God ; but the doctrine on more than one vital point prevents us from going further than commending the good intentions of the pious author. It is unfortunate that the pseudonym he has chosen coincides with the real name of a well-known Catholic priest in the North, himself a writer.

For priests who travel much we can cordially recommend the "Fasciculus" Breviary, published in 24mo, by the well-known Italian house of Marietti (Turin), at the low price of 8 francs, unbound. The print is black and clear, the volume light to handle, and by an ingenious arrangement of the binding (the lowest price of a bound copy is 14.50 fr.) the appropriate fasciculi can be neatly inserted at front or back. The publisher issues also various *excerpta* to save trouble in turning over.

The same firm appear to be the first in the field with their new **Horae Divinae**, which can be obtained bound, at various prices beginning with 6.25 francs. The type used is a bold-faced variety which is exceedingly clear if somewhat too heavy for Indian paper. The volume might be conveniently reduced in size by the omission of the 150 odd pages devoted to Prayers for Mass, extracts from the Ritual, etc., which do not belong to the Breviary proper.

Four little books in a series called *Marriage and Morality* are issued by Messrs. Longmans and form on the whole a welcome addition to the growing literature in furtherance of social purity. **Successful and Unsuccessful Marriages**, (4d.) by Mrs. Creighton, ably discusses determining causes. **Marriage**, by Gemma Bailey (3s.) insists on the importance of developing the spiritual side of the relationship. **Purity** (3d.), by A. Herbert Gray, shows that God means man to fight for the attainment of that particular virtue, yet aids him forcibly in the conflict. **In Praise of Virginity** (3d.) by Elma K. Paget, develops the teaching of the New Testament on its subject.

Though a work of fiction we may mention here **Sylvia's Marriage** (Werner Laurie, 2s.) by Upton Sinclair, which has the same general aim in view as the above leaflets—the right ordering of marriage by a full knowledge of its nature and its dangers. But Mr. Sinclair does not take the sacramental view of the union, and his book has been (rightly we think) banned by the libraries because it deals frankly with topics not to be put indiscriminately before the fiction-reading public.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The C.T.S. output has not sensibly diminished in quantity in these evil days for cheap book production, and no falling off in quality can be seen in its latest issues. **The Petrine Office**, by Herbert E. Hall (pp. 92 : 6d. net), is a fresh and vigorous treatment of an old theme, necessitated by the persistent disregard for history and logic shown by the Rev. F. W. Puller, and other Anglicans of the "Catholic" school. Mr. Puller's assaults on the Papacy are not in themselves new, but he has lately refashioned them in a pamphlet, entitled, *The Relations of the Church of England to the monarchical claims of the Roman See*. It is this argument that Mr. Hall refutes with keen and inexorable exposure of its fallacies, and yet with a Christian patience which is equally admirable. A penny pamphlet by the same author, who is doing yeoman's service in this weary but necessary polemic against error and falsehood, is styled, **Authority and Private Judgment**, and shows (1) that this is the main issue between Catholicism and every kind of Protestantism, and (2) that therefore even the highest Anglican belongs of necessity to this latter category.

Three useful additions to the "Religious Congregations" series describe **The Society of the Holy Child Jesus**, **The Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls**, and **The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul**—all carrying out those educational, charitable, and expiatory functions which it is the glory of the Catholic Church to inspire. **The Life of St. Paul of the Cross**, Founder of the Passionists, by F. M. Capes, is of especial interest to English readers because of the work of his Order amongst us, and the movement for the conversion of England which received such an impetus from some of his distinguished followers. The same movement is described in **England's Conversion by the Power of Prayer**, a reprint of Cardinal Vaughan's stirring address at the Birmingham C.T.S. Conference in 1890. **Why Catholics Pray to the Blessed Virgin**, by Mgr. Canon Moyes, is a very clear and forcible exposition of doctrine, made more vivid by a slight fictional setting. Father Lester has published a second number of his racy **Dialogues of Defence**, which have the sufficiently rare quality of being amusing as well as instructive. They are written for the man in the street, and we should like them to reach every one of him. **The Return of the Képis**, by Helen Grierson, and **A War Pilgrimage**, by M. E. Young, are two cleverly-conceived, gracefully-told war-stories which have already delighted our readers.

The six latest issues of the semi-monthly **Catholic Mind** (America Press, New York, 5 cents or \$1 per annum) contain a variety of papers of Catholic interest, explanatory, hortatory, apologetic, taken mainly from current Catholic papers and magazines. Especially noteworthy are Fr. Tierney's acute exposure of **Twentieth-Century "Science"** (No. 11), Fr. Blakely's denunciation of "Sex-hygiene" faddists (No. 12), **Are Catholics Intolerant?** by Fr. Peter Finlay (No. 13), Mrs. Margaret Sullivan's exposition of true

Feminism, "Chiefly Among Women" (No. 12), *The Catholic School System*, by Rev. George Thompson (No. 15) a description of Catholic ideals in education.

Some Titles of Our Lady (Burns and Oates : 7d. net), by the Rev. Geoffrey Bliss, is a short devotional and explanatory commentary on the images and anti-types of the Blessed Virgin worked into the Hymns of the Little Office, with an historical note on the latter.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XIV. Nos. 11-16. Price, 5 cents. each.

FROM THE AUTHOR.
 Beringer's *Die Utblässe ihr Wesen und Gebrauch*. Edited by J. Hilgers, S.J. 2nd Vol. Pp. xxi. 567.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Lumen Vitz. By Adhèmar d'Alés. Pp. 282. Price, 3.50 fr. *Le Lt.-Colonel Driant*. By Rev. Père Barrat. Pp. 16. Price, 50 c. *L'Amé de la France à Reims*. By Mgr. Baudrillart. Pp. 24.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.
Arras sous les Obus. By Abbé E. Foulon. Pp. viii. 124. With numerous illustrations. Price, 3.50 fr. *La Grande Pitié de Reims*. By Mgr. L. Lacroix. Pp. 24. Price, 40 c. *La Cathédrale de Reims*. By Emile Mâle. Pp. 39. Price, 60 c. *Notre Dame de Brébières*. By René le Cholleux. Pp. 40. Illustrated.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Ireland.
A Century of Catholic Education. By a Christian Brother. Pp. xii. 369. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

BURNS & OATES, London.
Some Titles of Our Lady. By Rev. G. Bliss, S.J. Pp. 29. Price, 6d. net.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
The Panjab, North-East Frontier Province and Kashmir. By Sir James Douie, M.A. Pp. xiv. 373. Price, 6s. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
The Petrine Office. By Herbert E. Hall. Pp. 92. Price, 6d. net.
 Various Penny Pamphlets.

CHATTO & WINDUS, London.
What is Catholicity? Edited by W. W. Pp. 52. Price, 1s. net.

FAITH PRESS, London.
The Liturgy of the Eastern Orthodox Church. By H. Hamilton Maughan.

GILL & SON, Dublin.
Up and Doing. By Irish Priests. Pp. 110. Price, 1s.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Le Patriotisme de la Femme Française. By l'Abbé S. Couhé. Pp. xv. 292. Price, 3.50 fr. *Pages de Sang et de Gloire*. By General Cherhls. Pp. 319. Price, 3.75 fr. *Benoit XV. et la Confit Européen*. By Abbé G. Arnaud d'Agnel. 2 Vols. Pp. 335. 396. Price, 7.00 fr. together.

LONGMANS, London.
The Fulness of Christ. By Rt. Rev. F. Weston, D.D. Pp. xix. 346. Price, 6s. net.

MARIETTI, Turin.
Horæ Diurnæ. Pp. 950. Price (unbound), 4.50 lire.

METHUEN, London.
The English Church and Reunion. By Bishop Arthur Chandler. Pp. ix. 190. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

NUTT, London.
The Last of the Breed and other Stories. From the Spanish of de Pareda : translated by Denis Freeman. Pp. 176. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

PEARSON LTD., London.
The Hidden Scourge. By Mary Scharlieb, M.S., M.D. Pp. 96. Price, 1s. net. *Cradles or Coffins?* By James Marchant, F.R.S. Pp. 96. Price, 1s. net.

ROUTLEDGE, London.
French Churches in the War Zone. By Wilfrid Randolph. Illustrated. Pp. 53. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

WASHBOURNE, London.
Roma. By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. Parts XV. and XVI. Price, 1s. 3d. net each.

